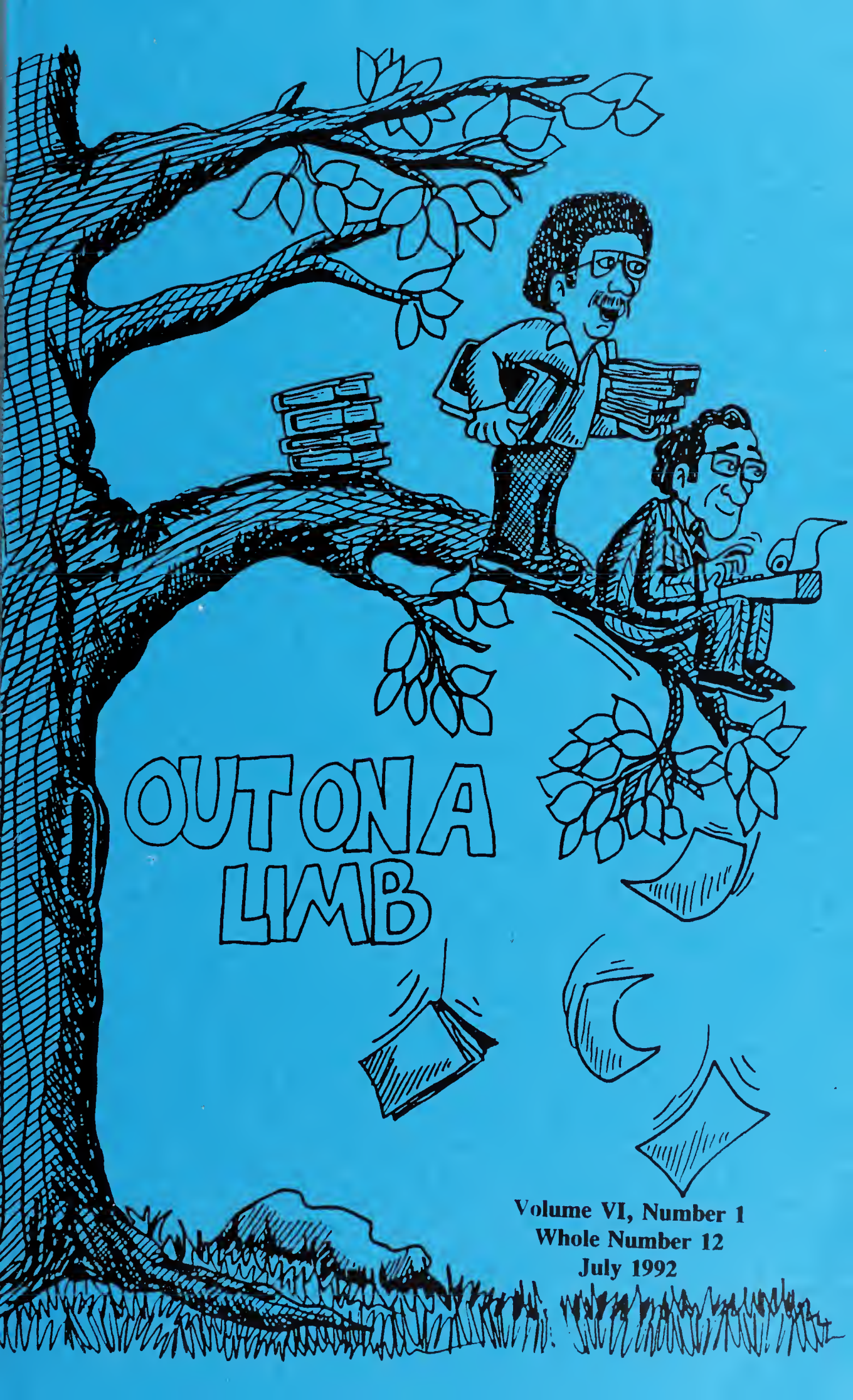




OUT ON A LIMB

Volume VI, Number 1
Whole Number 12
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OUT ON A LIMB

THE JOURNAL OF *THE MONEY TREE*

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Vol. VI No. 1

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THIS N' THRT, The Sequel

For those of you with excellent memories, you received your last issue of **OUT ON A LIMB** just about a year ago. At that time I mentioned that we planned to produce two more 1991 copies of **LIMB**, and also implicit was that there would be a regular 3 issue **LIMB** release for 1992. I also mentioned that I also planned to have paid off my MasterCard by 1981. Well, needless to say, the best laid plans of mice and men gather no moss" (or something like that).

So, let's try it again. In our drive always to be the first, we will be the first to be the last to print our 1991 A.N.A. Centennial convention diary; just in time for the 1992 convention. Yes. There really will be at least one more **LIMB** this year. (I already have some of the articles in the hopper (I hope that Bugs doesn't escape); in fact, I hope 2 more

And next year there will be 3 issues of the **LIMB**. Oh, and by the way, I did pay off my MasterCard

In this issue, you will find our 1991 A.N.A. diary, a few observations, and several offers of numismatic literature.

A.N.A. DIARY, 1991

OR

THE MOTHER OF ALL CONVENTIONS

The Money Tree contingent at the centennial convention of the American Numismatic Association would consist of Myron, his wife Daryl, and moi, your intrepid diarist. I began to look forward to this year's convention right from last August when my "real" job prevented me from being able to attend the 1990 convention held in Ken-Griffey-Junior Land

Normally, Myron and I try to stay at one of the more shall-we-say modest motels: Red Roof Inn, Motel 6, (the E-Z SLEEP MOTEL, formerly an \$8.00 a niter in Columbus, Ohio: no locks on the door, one light bulb in the room, a genuine coat hanger antenna on the black and white TV, no handles on any of the fixtures - toilet, shower, air conditioner, and dresser included, but a mattress with the rigidity of the PCGS' decision to slab colonials.) For a variety of reasons Myron and I decided early on to stay at the Hyatt Regency O'Hare Rosemont, right next to the convention center despite

its priciness. We didn't want to waste time traveling to and from a centennial convention which promised to be a barn burner (oops, that's the wrong phrase to use in Chicago); our well-known mutual affinity for losing states when we drive (I did go the Chicago once before; unfortunately I was supposed to go to Peoria, really!); Daryl was attending the convention with us and she and Myron wanted to stay in a nice place; and more importantly despite the listed convention rates of \$92 for a double and \$82 for a single, we made reservations January 31, 1991 and got better than advertised rates - \$82 for a double and \$46 for a single (stay tuned for the story of the room reservation billing from Hell)

We even planned to fly to Chicago and (we hoped) back, rather than making an 8 hour drive to Chicago or (with Myron and me driving) a 14 hour trek throughout the entire midwest. Because we were taking a lot o'stuff that would add time and stress and hernias to our trip, we cleverly shipped in advance 4 cartons by UPS to the Hyatt to be waiting for us there when we arrived. As Myron and I are experienced ANA go'ers, we know that we would come back with much more weight (from books, not from food, we have each turned over new dietary leaves in the last year - more about that later, also), we also shipped a half dozen shipping boxes so that we could UPS our purchases back home

The indescribable bulk and weight of numismatic literature has convinced Myron and me that when we are reincarnated it will be as dealers in diamonds- imagine an entire inventory in your pocket.

To be frank (or Myron and Ken), we really had made our convention plans quite well. Before making the trek to the Xenos homestead, a mere five minutes from the airport, and a modest 40 minute drive from my abode through the orange barrel obstacle course of Greater Cleveland's so-called freeway system (designed by the great French road maker, Detour), I dropped off the cat at the Feline Hilton (with apologies to Coleridge, "oh worse than the curse in dead man's eye is the curse in a kitty cat's glare")

TUESDAY, AUGUST 21 The three of us set out for Chicago on American Airlines. We left Cleveland at 10:20 AM and arrived in Chicago at 10:00 AM Chicago time, a mere 40 minute flight, barely time for the stews ... uh make that flight attendants to pass out the foil packs with 8 peanuts in them; yum, yum, I'm sure full. Landing in the dreaded O'Hare labyrinthine airport, we figured that it would take us at least an hour to find our luggage (unless it was getting additional frequent flyer miles as the flight was continuing to Denver). Amazingly, only five passengers debarked in Chicago, and believe-it-or-don't, our luggage arrived at the baggage carousel precisely as we did - a mere five minutes after the plane set down (breaking a record of decidedly greater difficulty and significantly greater longevity than the recently broken Bob Beamon long jump record)

To get to the Hyatt, I used the "courtesy" phone to find out that all we had to do was to go out an exit a mere 5 minute walk from where we were and the Hyatt courtesy bus would be right there to pick us up. Amazingly, as we walked out the door here came the bus ... and there went the bus ... without stopping and more importantly without us. But how long could it take to catch another bus? To be precise after being passed by three Hyatt buses full of passengers (where were they getting on?) without stopping for us, 50 minutes later we saw an empty Hyatt bus in the wrong lane. Bill Pheatt, a gutsy paper money dealer from Michigan, chased down the bus, virtually corralling the bus with his mere will. Soon Bill and the commandeered bus circumnavigated the airport periphery bringing it back around to us. To make a short story long, this bus was being driven by a new driver; supposedly the other bus had broken down; and what was supposed to be a premier hotel in a major international convention city was not making good first impression points with us (a trend which was unfortunately to continue throughout our stay).

In short, it took us 45 minutes to get from Cleveland to Chicago, and an hour to get from the airport to the hotel. Not bad ... I haven't even started to write about the convention, the people we met, much less the really important stuff - the meals - and this diary had already taken two pages.

Prepare yourself, I've got a strange premonition that this epic may turn out just a tad longer (you remember Tad Longer, the wide receiver for the Pittsburgh Steelers) than *Gone with the Tale of Two War and Peace Cities*

Upon arriving at the Hyatt, we were notified that our rooms would not be ready for check-in for about five hours. So the Three Conventioneers headed toward the convention center right which was right across the street. We figured to grab a spot of lunch inside when we noticed connected to the convention center an attached cafeteria.

Those of you regular convention diary readers are familiar with our restaurant and meal reviews which tend to take up an ever increasing part of our diaries until eventually the convention takes a back seat to our gourmand gluttony (which sounds like the hero of a Hanna-Barbera cartoon). However ... as we mentioned earlier during the last year Myron and Daryl have each become regular "gym rats" and consumers of healthy foods. Also during the last year, a combination of my digestive problems and a desire to live forever have changed me into a more restricted eater. So our meals each presented a special challenge. In the cafeteria, Myron and Daryl each found salads which turned out to be unpalatable as well as overpriced. I had brought along a bagel from home; and was able to find some overpriced designer water with which to down the petrified doughnut. Essentially my system required drinking exclusively either designer water or club soda (seltzer)

With lunch over, the time was at hand for the beginning of the centennial convention of the American Numismatic Association. Virtually everyone we had spoken to in the preceding months was looking forward to this one with great expectations (or maybe Pickwick Papers). We arrived at the crowded convention center soon after the bourse opened at noon. Myron and I had each preregistered. Amazingly instead of our having to wait in an interminable line, we received forthwith our premade photo ID's - the pictures having been taken from prior ANA convention mug shots. Daryl, in addition to registering, wanted to take advantage of the many tours that the ANA were offering - A Cubs game at Wrigley, tours of the various Museums including the famous Museum of Science and Industry (MSI). Incredibly all were sold out. However, she would be able to accompany the Young Numismatists tour to the MSI - more of that later.

Upon entering the bourse floor, we immediately gravitated to the Numismatic Bibliomania Society table, always one of the most action-packed club tables at any ANA. Charlie Davis was holding down the fort.

The Three Conventioneers immediately thereafter went to see the Champa exhibit which was replete with great treasures in American numismatic literature: Joseph Mickley's diary, Crosby's CROSBY (and 4 other CROSBYS), rare deluxe plated catalogues, rare and important ANA printed matter (much of which the ANA lacks), important early American numismatic references, pictures, and other ephemera too numerous to mention. To accompany the exhibit, Armand had 1500 copies made of a most attractive, informative descriptive catalogue. George Kolbe produced the wonderful catalogue, with his usual stamp of "quality". By itself, Armand's exhibit would have made the convention worthwhile for me.

As we looked at the other exhibits, I was drawn to the James Simmons exhibit of coin glass. A long time local coin dealer friend of mine has collected coin glass for at least 20 years, accumulating some 20 pieces; for the uninitiated that is a rather substantial number. Mr. Simmons, accompanied by his wife, exhibited well-over 100 pieces - beyond doubt the largest, most impressive collection extant. Mr. Simmons, a most gracious gentleman, spent much time with us showing us some particularly rare and important pieces. Another winner, and we had barely been at the show for an hour.

The only thing on our schedule for this first day was going to hear Mark Auerbach's presentation (2:00 PM) on Byron Reed and the Byron Reed library. Mark had phoned me several days prior from the Byron Reed museum gushing over many of the coins and other items which he had found.

After another brief stop at the NBS table the Three Amigos arrived at Mark's presentation. Among the attendees with whom we were able to speak prior to Mark's presentations were David and Molly Hirt (about both of whom more will be written), P. Scott Rubin (NBS President), Fred Lake (the affable, tanned Florida book dealer dba Function Associates), the venerable Frank and Laurese Katzen, Carl Feldman (New Jersey numismatist and relatively recent numismatic bibliophile), Michael Hodder (a fine gentleman, in addition to being the best numismatic cataloguer in America today), Terry Stahurski (a numismatist and bibliophile from Rocky River who infected me with his love of token collecting), Armand Champa (who has a modest collection of old coin books), F. Gordon Frost (another New Jersey mensch and bibliophile), John Burns (the indefatigable chairman of the Numismatic Theatre presentations for the ANA, and a member of the Pittsburgh Numismatic Mafia [PNM]), Wayne Homren (VP of the NBS; President of the WPNS, PAN, and PNM, numismatic bibliophile), John Bergman (numismatic bibliophile extraordinaire, and merely the most decent human being extant), and many others whose names I didn't write down.

Mark is a premier numismatic researcher. Two years ago at the Pittsburgh ANA, he gave a most important presentation about Dr. Maris and his work. Among the highlights of Mark's speech were Mark's observation that Reed was a "focused opportunist and robber baron." He also indicated that Reed's collection is currently worth in the \$25 million to \$50 million range. Mark noted the presence of an unique, and generally unknown 1838 proof half eagle. Reed's numismatic books, manuscripts, pamphlets, and memorabilia total some 5000 pieces.

Unfortunately, the three of us had to leave before Mark was finished so that we could check into our rooms at the Hyatt so we will not be able to offer any information about the topless dancer and the subsequent riot which ensued, or maybe that was at another convention. Oh well.

Check-in at the Hyatt found long lines and much too long a wait. We find it hard to believe that a top quality hotel in a major convention city is so ill-equipped to cope with basic logistics. The individual Hyatt personnel are quite ingratiating. It is the overall management of the hotel which leaves much to be desired. Within a half hour we were in our rooms. So was our luggage and the UPS packages which we had shipped. My room was large and pleasantly appointed; however the air conditioner did not work. I called engineering and within seconds someone showed up who not only fixed the air conditioning immediately, but who also insisted on re-hanging the drapes correctly.

After unpacking and washing up, we were back at the show at 4:00 PM. The most important item on the agenda was to make arrangements for dinner. As we have mentioned before, one of the most enjoyable aspects of numismatic literature is the collegial relationship which exists among the dealers, in addition to the great friendships that have developed with the people who bid in our auctions. I can think of no other numismatic group who enjoy one another's company so much. So it was back to the NBS table to see who had checked in. We were essentially unfamiliar with Chicago restaurants, but Molly Hirt recommended one called the Crystal Bohemian. The cast for the feast was to be Xenos, Xenos, and Lowe, Armand, David and Molly Hirt, David and Sherry Sklow, John Bergman, Wayne Homren and John Burns, and whoever else would arrive. I couldn't find the restaurant listed in the phone book. I like to double check things like hours of service, location and stuff like that. Travel foul-ups tend to cause a certain degree of paranoia.

Anyway, as there were no meetings scheduled and we did have about an hour and a half to kill, Myron and I each took the opportunity to hit the bourse floor. Frankly I did not expect to find time until Thursday. Two "book" dealers had tables at the show: George Kolbe and O.J. Grady. Since George's was the closest we stopped there first. "Quality" is "Quality" and George had a magnificent offering highlighted by much impressive antiquarian literature. While going through George's offerings, we were able to cover some NBS business, talk about the "book biz", and catch up on news and gossip. I also found some goodies that I had been looking for.

Then it was over to O.J. Grady's table. I have spoken to O.J. often, but I had never met him face-to-face. Because of the logistics involved (translation: bulk) in book-dealing, book dealers tend to set up at relatively few shows. In fact, we used to do one show a year; we don't even do that any more. However, we do have plans. O.J. does set up regularly at shows in the midwest, for which he has our respect and admiration, and for which we are also certain that many collectors are grateful. O.J.'s table was covered with books, four rows deep in addition to two bookcases behind his table. It was a great pleasure to meet O.J. and his lovely wife Debbie. As we expected, good people. I found a whole bunch of books that I was looking for. However, because my attache case was filled to overflowing, I left the books at his table (which would give me another reason to go back and buy more).

And now a digression. Several months ago, I noticed an ad in COIN WORLD that Jack Collins (a founder of the NBS, seller of numismatic literature, cataloguer, and numismatic photographer extraordinaire) had offered a fixed price list of Washingtonia. Additionally, Jack is fundamentally incapable of producing anything that is not top-drawer, first-class, and replete with important information. Several days later, immediately after his receipt of my check for \$10.00 (Jack responds to orders with great promptness) the list arrived: a magnificent quarto, white glossy card-covered opus of several hundred meticulously catalogued, thoroughly annotated lots with 40-some full halftone plates. Time stood still. I must have spent three straight hours poring over the list. I was overwhelmed. My opinion has not changed from the day that I received the list. Unequivocally, Jack's Washingtonia FPL is one of the most significant FPLs ever issued in American numismatics. Not only is it superbly presented, but also the information and the offerings within are of such importance that I am positive that it will become a valued, sought-after (and rather expensive) work in the near future and for decades to come. I immediately shot off a \$35.00 check for the hardbound edition that Jack would be issuing later. I have since received the deluxe copy which is bound in padded white leatherette, with the cover photo of the card covered copy inset in the front cover. Magnificent!

It became clear to me that I just had to have something from that list - to own a piece from the volume that will obviously become a classic. But what? And now a digression within a digression. Terry Stahurski, a local collector and friend, frequently brings his token finds to our office to show off his latest treasures. I generally found them interesting, but Terry began to bring over tokens relating to Cleveland and Cleveland businesses. I thought that they were neat. Additionally, several months ago, Terry brought some tokens issued by Federal Coin Exchange in 1942 - one a blazing gem in copper. Neither Myron or I had ever seen one; we were impressed. Obviously it was rare in such pristine condition, and it was quite inexpensive.

So back to Jack's list. I found about 17 modestly priced (averaging some \$40.00 each) Washington items with numismatic tie-ins, tokens issued by 19th century numismatic figures such as Idler, Curtis, Sage, and Cogan; and 20th century tokens issued by Stack's and Guttag among others. By the time I was able to make my order by phone from Jack, only 6 remained; in fact, Jack found another piece that I had overlooked. After I gushed over the list to Jack, and after our having caught up on all of the recent news, I ordered the six (plus 1) pieces. I received them in 4 or 5 days.

What a revelation! I was hooked. Wonderful examples of Numismatica Americana that are decidedly scarce to rare for a pittance. In the past few years, I found myself spending a minimal amount of time at coin shows because little numismatic literature tended to be offered, and because I no longer was collecting discs of metal currency. I would spend most of my time talking to friends and being grateful that I no longer did the show circuit. However, I soon got the passion for collecting more early numismatically oriented tokens. Soon I was spending more time at the local shows, picking through typical boxes of miscellaneous tokens and medals which the typical coin dealer carried. Also, various friends in numismatic literature directed me to certain dealers who carried such material. Within a matter of weeks many more pieces, among which were many of the 11 pieces which Jack Collins had already sold from his list before I had phoned him.

To digress from the digression, two years ago at the ANA in Pittsburgh, the TAMS table was located beside the NBS table and I was able to spend a fair amount of time with Dave Schenkman, a frighteningly prolific, award winning author about tokens and continually an officer in some form or another in TAMS. After discussing numismatic books for a fair amount of time, David suggested that Myron and I join TAMS, giving us two applications which Myron and I filled out and sent in. Oh, I forgot to mention that Myron and I did not get around to mailing the applications until this July, a mere two year delay. You see, it wasn't the expense of joining, nor could it possibly have been that we were world class procrastinators (perish the thought). Rather every time we got around to sending in the application the Post Office kept raising the cost of postage, and we never seemed to have a stamp in the right denomination. I am sure you understand how that happens. Anyway, within a matter of days after having sent in our applications, Cindy Grellman mailed us each a packet o' token information and the back issues of the 1991 *TAMS JOURNALS*

To return to one of (I think) the pertinent points, in the time before we were going to leave for dinner, I went to Hank Spangenberg's table. We are always pleased to offer the numismatic literature which Hank consigns to us because he comes up with stuff that just does not show up anywhere else in the marketplace. His offerings at his bourse table are equally fascinating: tokens, medals, numismatic ephemera - great stuff. I was able to pick up some early ANA convention medals, some early dealer tokens, and some silver TAMS medals.

Soon, the witching hour arrived and I returned to the NBS table. The travel accommodations for the group going together turned out to be Xenos, Xenos, and Lowe in a cab; the Sklows in their car, with Armand, following us. The others would get there on their own. The Hirts gave us the address, 639 Leghog (yep, Leghog) Drive toward Lombard off route 83 to 294 to 83 south, to Ogden Road and the obligatory, "you can't miss it"

Our cab driver, Achmed, knew the general area, but was not certain of the specific location. (Footnote: it seems that every cab that I have taken in the last few years has been driven by an "Achmed": Boston, Montreal, Cincinnati - all "Achmeds")

The Hirts told us that it wasn't very far, Forty-five minutes, 3 toll roads, and a \$40.00 cab drive later, there was no sign of the restaurant. We had lost the Sklows and Armand several toll roads ago, fearing that like the old Kingston trio song, they'd never get off the Chicago expressways. As for us, no Leghog Drive, nothing, nada, starving in the middle of the great midwest. As a result, Myron and I were not referring to the Hirts in, shall we say, a very charitable manner.

Myron, he of the "Wrong Way Corrigan" sense of direction said that he sort of thought that he saw the restaurant at the end of a street some blocks before. "Yeah, right," I thought with a sneer of one with an equally awful sense of direction. However, Myron's "vision" was still the best of our options, so Achmed made several reckless and illegal turns and got us back to the street of Myron's dreams.

We also noticed the Sklow vehicle behind us trying to follow our "adventurous" maneuvers. Miracle of miracles! Myron was right. He did see the restaurant - on Blackhawk, not Leghog. Needless to say, but we will anyway, we were somewhat irritated. Achmed offered to take us back (for a \$40.00 cab ride, plus tip). We demurred. (I always wanted to be able to demur; this was my first chance.) Anyway, after Armand, the Sklows, the Xenoses, and yours truly decided to discuss putting out a contract on the Hirts, we went in to a very nice restaurant, the name notwithstanding, decorated, it seemed, in a Spanish manner. We decided to wait for Homren and Burns; but we were hungry, and they were late, and the kitchen was going to close at 8:00 PM, and most of us were there. So we ordered. The menu was replete with Bohemian/Slovak delicacies - cholesterol abounding. The others tended to order specialties of the house - the purpose for going there. I ordered broiled Orange Roughy, broccoli (Nyah, Nyah, George Bush).

Bringing the matter to a close, the meal was excellent, the fellowship and ladyship was superb, and Homren and Burns showed up after we had all finished, and after the kitchen was closed. However, Armand in his inimitable fashion convinced them to reopen the kitchen for the Pittsburgh boys. Interesting culinary observation. Bohemian dumplings were served with everything. However, they were unlike any other dumpling I had ever seen. Evidently, the dumplings were baked in a loaf pan and pieces were sliced off, looking like yellow rye bread. Quite tasty, but most unusual

For the ride back, we decided against Achmed and a \$40.00 cab ride, choosing instead to ride back with Wayne and John, who had arrived in a panel truck. The seating arrangement was Wayne driving, Daryl in the passenger seat, and Myron, John, and I laying in the back of the truck bouncing around like sacks of dirty laundry which had unfortunately just consumed a substantial amount of food.

We arrived back at the Hyatt, only slightly the worse for wear; at last my eyeballs stopped bouncing up and down from the ride; unfortunately, I cannot say the same for my stomach. Sheesh!

As we regrouped at the Hyatt, we communally agreed to go to the hotel bar. The bar is the trendy sports bar type with a bunch of large screen TVs all tuned to various baseball games, tractor pulls, and American Gladiators. The amount of booze which was consumed was extraordinarily minimal: a beer here and there, ginger ale, club soda - a bunch of wiley and crazy people. Armand, John, Wayne, and the 3 Money Tree amigos. Although we were the only "book people" there initially, soon Nancy Green and Lynn Chen arrived. Nancy, formerly the ANA's superb librarian, is one of the finest people anywhere. We always enjoy our visits with Nancy, but after she left the ANA we had lost touch. Lynn Chen, Nancy's replacement, was introduced to the group. Lynn, who had a constant smile, is most disarming and ingratiating - a lovely lady. I'm glad that she had a drink as meeting us without "help" has been known to drive even the strongest people raving into the night. Although we will all miss Nancy in here ANA capacity, I am certain that Lynn will do a magnificent job.

Dan Hamelberg arrived fresh from the Cubs game which had been sold out since the Civil War. Dan, from Champaign, a most enthusiastic collector of numismatic literature and things beginning with the letter "A" ("A" car, "A" baseball card, etc.), possesses one of the most magnificent and important personal numismatic libraries in the country.

Other members of the fraternity also were present also came and went. While nobody wanted the day to end, good judgment won out as we headed bedward remembering that A.N.A.'s are marathons and not sprints.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22. Today our formal schedule was rather light. The only "must see" was John Ford's 4:00 presentation: "Frontiers in American Numismatics." I learned my lessons all too well at previous A.N.A.'s. Eat well. Get regular exercise. Get a full night's (or thereabout) sleep. I proceeded to do about 20 minutes of brisk walking stairs and hallways in the Hyatt at about 6:00. Ain't nobody awake and out at that time. Shave, shower, and dress. Breakfast was peaceful at the Hyatt coffee shop. Because of my digestive problems and an attempt to moderate weight gain. Breakfast was 2 bagels: 1 for now; 1 for lunch (in my attache case), a glass (huge) of club soda, and the Chicago morning paper. Despite my order, the friendly waitress brought four (4) bagels. Explanation, at the Hyatt coffeeshop 2 means 4.

Over to the convention and check-in at the NBS table to check on new arrivals and to swap lies about yesterday. Terry Stahurski, a Rocky River neighbor, bibliomaniac, token collector, and good guy, had arrived. Terry was able to stay at his sister's residence, saving "mucho shekolum." Terry was largely responsible for getting me started collecting tokens of numismatic interest. He showed me what had to be the collectible-souvenir of this show of shows. Directly behind the NBS table,

The Elongated Collectors (no they do not look like Manute Bol) club was selling at modest prices a variety of souvenir elongated coins for the show. The "key", however, was that they had struck 100 numbered elongated 1891-S Morgan Dollars with an inscription on the blank reverse commemorating the centennial A N A. convention. First, elongated crowns are rare. Second, elongated Morgan Dollars are rare. Third, 1891-S Morgans are not 1921s. Fourth, only 100 were produced. Fifth, they were selling for only \$25.00 each. Sixth, you got to pick your own numbers. Seventh, not a whole lot of people knew about this. While I am not "investment" oriented, this did seem to be a "can't miss". I grabbed Myron and we went to the table to see if any were still available. Amazingly 90 were. We were able to look at each of the remaining elongated dollars, and selected those with the lowest numbers still available. I believe we each got two of them numbered between 10 and 20.

We then went our separate ways to cover more of the bourse floor as today was going to be the only day that we would really be able to spend with friends who were bourse table bound, and to look for goodies. I went back to George Kolbe's table and found a few more goodies, met some new bibliophiles who previously had not known of the extent of numismatic bibliophiles, or in several cases even of their existence. Incidentally, George had a wonderful offering of classic and antiquarian "quality" numismatic literature, many in superb bindings. Great stuff.

Myron and I ran into John Wilson, General Chairman of the Centennial convention, and probably the most enthusiastic participant at the entire convention. John was wearing so many badges and ribbons, he really only needed clothing for the plethora of pins he had on. John also has another claim to fame; a real-life bailiff, John was the bailiff at the first arraignment of Jeffrey Dahmer.

Then it was back to O.J. Grady's table where I was able to spend more time (and more money). Fortunately the hotel was close by the convention center so that we could transport the ponderous load conveniently.

As we knew that we were going to bring back lots o' stuff, we had the foresight to UPS ahead in a container some unassembled boxes, tape, and markers. Amazingly, they arrived promptly. However, we lacked the foresight to bring something to open the sealed container. One of the stationary engineers helped us out, in addition to fixing the TV and air conditioner.

Back to the show. Lunch bagel (from the attache case) and designer water from the adjoining snack bar. Then on to the bourse floor. I spent some time (and some money) with Paul Cunningham, of token fame, finding some storecards issued by coin dealers. Paul is a full-time teacher and a full-time token dealer. I haven't quite figured out when he sleeps. On to Dennis Forgue, formerly of RARCOA, bought a few books. Then to Rich Hartzog, token dealer, time, money, Elder tokens. Then to Joe Levine (Presidential Coin and Antiques) one of this country's premier dealers in historical medals, and also one of the great and warm people ever.

Then up and down the aisles to see what I could see. I stumbled upon Bob Rozycki (Sycamore [Illinois] Coin Galleries) who was sharing a table with his good friend Al Hurry (Moline, IL). I have corresponded with Bob for a long time, but had never had the opportunity to spend in person time with him. To put it mildly Bob and Al are two of the great characters I have ever met. Knowledgeable, interesting, and genuinely funny guys who have the knowledge and acumen to be quite successful, and the ability not to take themselves seriously.

We talked, laughed, finished each other's jokes, told war stories, and even got around to doing some business. Al and Bob had brought some non-book numismatic literature, catalogues, pamphlets, ephemera - good stuff. I bought a fair amount. I later brought Myron to meet the guys from Illinois; he bought much of the rest.

As we were speaking, I even looked at their showcases. BINGO! Many years ago, I had a client who was a long-time collector who was disposing of some commems. In going through his material, I

found something that didn't belong, something which I didn't know anything about: a 1936 Cleveland commemorative half with a small counterstamp in the middle. It turned out to be the counterstamp of the Western Reserve Coin Club (WRCC). Explanation. In 1936 on the 15th anniversary of the WRCC, the club counterstamped one hundred 1936 Cleveland commems. In 1941 on the club's 20th anniversary they counterstamped 100 1921 Morgan dollars. In 1971, on the 50th anniversary, they counterstamped 100 silver Ikes and some other stuff. Generally, these WRCC counterstamped coins do not appear in the marketplace, being passed on within the family, or offered to other coin club members.

As the WRCC is the oldest northern Ohio coin club, and still probably the most prestigious, I always wanted to obtain at least one of the counterstamped pieces. Inevitably when one infrequently appeared at auction, my bid was blown out of the water.

Examples appeared most infrequently (virtually never in fact) at coin shows. If one should appear, the dealers invariably wanted an amount equivalent to the national debt. For example, I had recently seen a not very attractive counterstamped Cleveland commem at a regional coin show. The price the dealer wanted our annual balance of payments deficit to Japan. I passed. Early the next day I returned to the show to find the counterstamped commem in another dealer's case. He had purchased it from the dealer who had shown it to me yesterday, and he had obtained it for a pittance which he proved by showing me the invoice. However, he wanted an amount equivalent to the digits for dialing the Sri Lankan ambassador. Obviously, anyone can sell anything one owns for anything one wishes, but I was just a "skosh" upset. When I asked the original dealer why he had cut the price so much to the other dealer, he gave me some lame excuse. Well, "que sera sera". No big deal. It was just bad timing on my part. However, if that dealer were to get a big cold sore on his upper lip that never went away, I wouldn't grieve.

I thought that perhaps I might find one at the A.N.A. In fact, one dealer had a complete set of WRCC issues: the first that I had ever seen. Again, in the words of Carl Sagan, "billions and billions" of dollars.

Anyway returning to my earlier "BINGO", in Bob's display case, what to my wondrous eyes did appear but two counterstamped commems and two counterstamped 1921 dollars. I had to stop laughing and talking with Bob and Al. Not only was I able to compare, but Bob told me that he and Al had others behind their table. In brief, with the kind generosity that one hears about all too rarely about coin dealers, Bob made me a most generous offer that I truly could not refuse: better yet, I got to keep my anatomy intact.

As "tempus" was "fugiting", I reluctantly had to depart the "Bob and Al" show if I were going to be able to make the rounds. Mark Borckardt of Bowers and Merena had told Myron before the A.N.A. he had a neat piece of Numismatica Americana for my collection. I was able to find both Mark and QDB at the B & M table. It seems that the B & M table is always one of the most active places at any convention. Mark showed me a magnificent silver (or silvered) Idler token with the reverse eagle of the 1792 Washington "half dollar". While initially I thought it was too pricey, I realized I would probably never have an opportunity to own another "jewel" like this. So, another token entered my growing collection. While we talked some business, QDB showed me a glorious presentation book of vignettes of the Presidents from Washington through Grant which they had just purchased. Drool City. Oh, well, I have to leave something to buy for when I win the lottery.

Then onward to Steve Tanenbaum of Rossa and the aforementioned. Purchased a few tokens where I found Michael J. Sullivan poring over some tokens. As we always mention, Michael is one of the bright lights of modern numismatics, and as fine an individual as exists, probably a high "R-7".

Then, it was up-and-down-the-row time. Ah, Denis Loring, numismatist of repute, large cent maven, distinguished auctioneer, insurance executive, and most importantly, the Godfather of ANA Diaries. So, with this being the Mother of all ANA diaries, feel free to blame Denis for his

inspiration. All seriousness aside, I am always impressed by Denis' continual enthusiasm. I've got to get me a bottle of that. As always, I asked Denis if he had purchased anything of note or knew any hot inside stories in the copper side of the biz. Denis responded affirmatively, showing me a book that had recently purchased, a thorough and beautifully handwritten, unpublished revision of Andrews 1883 work on large cents, done by a "C. L. Clarke" from upstate New York about whom nothing was known at the time. As C. E. Clarke and T. J. Clarke, both from the same region, were prominent numismatically, it would seem logical that someone named "Clarke" from that region with such an interest in large cents would probably be known by, if not related to, C. E. and/or T. J. What a wonderful discovery! And I cannot think of a more appropriate person to end up with it. Kudos, Denis.

Onward to the TAMS table. Kibbitzed with Dave Schenkman (Mr. Token of the U.S., and great guy) and the gracious and knowledgeable Cindy Grellman, from whom I bought a slew of TAMS medals. Although I am a new member, I thought I'd try to get a complete set of the silver TAMS medals back to day one; I made a hefty dent.

Back to the NBS table, Scott Rubin (NBS prexy), Gordon Frost had arrived, Stu Hawkinson visited, "Gentleman" John Bergman was poring over some newly acquired treasures, Joel Orosz (writer, bibliophile, and mensch) showed up. John Mielke and Vernon Fox, two guys from Minnesota dropped by to ask a few questions. About an hour later we had two new NBS members, a couple of enthusiastic new bibliophiles, two more good guys I had met. Dave Novoselsky, a Chicago lawyer (but still a good guy), a book guy, aficionado of U.S. patterns and The Three Stooges, made it to the table. As we have mentioned before (and will again), the NBS table is a great gathering place. Several of us decided to head up to Armand's exhibit again. No matter how many times I look I always see something that I had previously missed. Myron decided to take some pictures of each of Armand's showcases. While he photo'd, I narrated for a group of interested "civilians" who wandered by, and who soon had their finger- and nose-prints on the showcases.

By now it was time for the latest John Ford presentation. John never pulls punches and can be counted on to tell all of the emperors that they are naked. John spoke to a packed house, as usual: "The investors are buried so deeply in their slabs that you can smell the formaldehyde on the bourse floor", and "The more time I spend studying the colonial era proves one thing to me. This country was built by thieves." Just a couple of bon mots from Uncle John.

Afterward, "The Group" decided to grab a seemingly early dinner, so that we could have the NBS board meeting tonight, rather than before the general meeting tomorrow. The Hyatt hotel had an Italian restaurant, Aldo's, so reservations were made for 8 which meant that about 10 or 12 or so would probably finally arrive. The eaters included Armand, Charlie Davis, Barry Tayman (heroically attending in great pain from a back injury and later to be operated on), George Kolbe (I think), John Bergman, Michael Sullivan, Joel Orosz, Charles Davis, Scott Rubin, two Xenoses, one Lowe, and several others who wandered by. Unfortunately the dinner was disappointing. The food was rather slow, and not all that impressive. Additionally, we were charged for dishes and beverages which we did not have. Well at least as usual the company and the conversation was great.

Back to the room to get some information for the NBS board meeting, and then to the meeting rooms. Business was transacted, plans were made, and then it was 11:00 PM and back to the room. I'm still being good, getting my sleep, and eating properly.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23.

Myron and Daryl headed for the Hyatt's health club for their morning exercise; they are each STAIR-CLIMBER addicts, aficionados, and aesthetes. I did my morning cardio-vascular stairways and halls. Ate breakfast. Read a morning paper. Ready for one busy day.

Prior to the NBS meeting, Sherry Sklow volunteered to run back to the NBS table to pick up some stuff that I was supposed to bring, but forgot. Thanks, Sherry. Before the meeting, I got to spend a few minutes with the Katens. Frank at 88 makes Dorian Gray look like an old codger.

The 11 o'clock Numismatic Bibliomania Society meeting was held in a packed room with the two main speakers being President P. Scott Rubin holding forth on Gilbert's half cent book and the varieties of Gilbert half cent plates, and their probable emission sequence. Michael Hodder entertained the troops with his talk (speech would be too formal) on his development as a cataloguer. Super and most self-effacing individual, entertaining speech, great stuff.

Also of note, the Armand Champa Awards for excellence in numismatic literature were presented to George Kolbe, for long-overdue and obvious reasons; and also to Jack Collins, one of the NBS's founders along with Brother Kolbe. Armand Champa received the first ever special award presented by the NBS Officers and Board members "The Aaron Feldman Award" (sort of the Congressional Medal of Honor for numismatic literature), for significant contributions to the entire field of numismatic literature. Linda Kolbe was presented a plaque (no, not "plague") for having endured 30 years of marriage to her spouse.

Largely due to the inspiration and perspiration of Wayne Homren, the NBS submitted a proposal to the ANA board for creating an exhibit category for numismatic literature. We received notification from the ANA board that the proposal was accepted with the award to be named the Aaron P. Feldman Award. Some thought that the sticking point would be the \$3000 fee that the ANA requires to fund the category. With generous donations from the membership present at the meeting, substantial individual checks submitted by various members, and two other creative means, the funding was obtained nearly at once.

The two creative forms of fund raising were perpetrated on the unsuspecting membership. George Kolbe donated for bidding on the floor copies of Volume I and Volume II of John Adams NUMISMATIC LITERATURE which were autographed by all present. After spirited and generous bidding, they were purchased by John Bergman. Also Wayne Homren offered for bidding an "quasi-semi-Unique (1 of three) Armand Champa (photograph) refrigerator magnet" which was eventually bid to \$115.00. Your intrepid editor was the underbidder.

With the meeting adjourned, we headed back to the hotel. You see, Terry Stahurski was driving back to Cleveland and offered to take our stuff back with him in a huge Oldsmobile barge. Since we had accumulated a ton (or to be more precise, probably a good third of a ton) of books and stuff, Terry was a godsend. Thank you Terry! Then because we had no stuff left, this gave us the opportunity to get more "stuff".

Now with the afternoon free, it was time to head back to the NBS table on the bourse floor. More members arriving, more kibbitzing, new members signing up. Barry Tayman, a numismatic bibliophile of some repute, and a friend had arrived at the show, but in extreme pain from a back injury that required him to use a cane to move, and haltingly at best. We got the chance to swap lies. I can always depend on Barry, a superb story-teller, to keep me laughing. I cannot remember jokes. However, Barry and Myron can, do, and are two of the best of the raconteurs.

Onto the bourse floor, talking and walking with Dave and Sherry Sklow when I heard my name being paged. Now I knew that I had officially arrived. I mean, I didn't even fill out a slip asking to have me paged. Yes, Virginia, there really are people (some rather prominent) who do that on a regular basis. Ah, ego. (E go here, E go there.) So, I had to leave the Sklows hurriedly, secretly thrilled at my importance.

Nearly running to the desk to answer the page, I imagined that some mysterious collector wanted to consign to us Sylvester Crosby's numismatic reference files or maybe the personal correspondence between Joseph Mickley and William Sheldon (as Judy Tenuta says, "It could

happen ") I went to the harried woman manning (interesting phrase) the booth and announced my presence. The interplay went as follows

I believe that I was paged

Who are you?

Ken Lowe

No, you're not

Yes, I am.

No, not you.

Really, I m Ken Lowe

You can't be

Why not?

Ken Lowe is an Asian man

No, I'm not!

Ken Lo from the Chinese mint

Oh

Apparently, I had grown a tail because I slunk (slinked?) away from the booth with it between my legs. So much for my delusions of adequacy

Myron, Daryl, and I decided to have an early-ish dinner before the NLG Roundtable to be held at 7:30. The coffee shop at the Hyatt was chosen for its quick (relatively) service and for the uncomplicated meals. Myron and I arrived first. Daryl was on a much anticipated tour to the Museum of Science and Industry (MSI), but would be back by 5:00 to join us

Digression: on our first day, Daryl tried to sign up for a bunch of A.N.A sponsored tours that she was looking forward to only to find that all were booked. She was able to go on the aforementioned MSI tour, but as it was intended for children, she was asked to sort of "chaperone". Anyway, Daryl didn't make it back from the tour to the restaurant until nearly 7:00 when I had to leave. It seemed that one of the cherubs had gotten lost, Daryl (whose responsibility it wasn't) volunteered to look for the urchin. While she was looking, the tour bus left without her. Eventually she found the waif, but she had to depend on the courtesy of strangers to direct her back to the hotel which involved the "El" and an expensive cab ride. Upon her return, some 90 minutes later than expected, she was just a "leettle mite" perturbed, might one say? Which only goes to prove the old maxim (you remember old Joey Maxim, the great boxer from the 40's and 50's) that no good deed goes unpunished

While Myron and I were waiting for Daryl, we saw Michael Hodder, inviting him to sup with us. He graciously agreed. This was the first time that Myron and I had to really spend some "quality" time with Michael. In addition to being a true historical scholar, Michael is also a gracious, self-effacing individual with a wonderful dry wit. The conversation covered a variety of topics including our mutual experiences with the Norwebs (Michael's "mutual" being substantially larger than our "mutual") The time flew by. This was a real highlight for me. What an extraordinary gentleman!

Daryl eventually arrived after we were done eating, nearly 2 hours late. I bid a hasty retreat to get cleaned up for the Numismatic Literature roundtable, while Myron, Daryl, and Michael continued the repast

The Numismatic Literature Roundtable had a packed house, 120-ish. The program was emceed by Armand Champa with the panel consisting of John Adams, John Ford, George Kolbe, and Scott Rubin. The general idea was to answer questions about numismatic literature and to infect non-numismatic literature people with "the passion".

Also, a special, and long overdue, award was presented by the Numismatic Bibliomania Society to

Kay Champa, Armand's wife, for her generous, unselfish, and significant contributions to the building of and maintenance of Armand's library and of Armand. Armand presented the award himself. It was quite moving.

This was also the occasion of the second annual Armand Champa numismatic literature giveaway. Modesty and embarrassment prevent us from mentioning that we also donated some literature for dispersal. Nothing makes Armand happier than making other people happy. So he brought up some junk from Louisville: a plated Stickney sale, an unplated Jenks, long runs of auction catalogues from Ed Cogan, New Netherlands, Max Mehl, Bolender, Elder, Stack's, and others. Also periodicals like the first two volumes of **THE NUMISMATIC SCRAPBOOK**, **MEHL'S MONTHLY**, and others. The junky stuff he brought up probably was worth a mere \$5000 or \$6000. Incredible! After the drawing was completed, probably 50 people, many of them neophytes, went home with good stuff, courtesy of Brother Champa.

John Ford then spoke of the joy of collecting "real stuff", things that slabs are not made for: life-saving medals, Indian Peace medals, various types of tokens, obsolete banknotes, anything but transportation tokens. A lively interplay took place among Armand, Denis Loring, and Dan Hamelberg over who owned and where is the original negative for the cover of the 1964 Helfenstein auction catalogue of large cents - the beautiful full-color photograph, the first full-color catalogue cover on a U.S. numismatic auction catalogue. Apparently there is more than one "original." Another great, SRO meeting.

At the meeting, I finally got an opportunity to congratulate the indefatigable, ubiquitous John Burns (another member of the Pittsburgh numismatic mafia), Educational Program Coordinator for his superb efforts and great results in the various Numismatic Theatre presentations. I believe that the total attendance at the various Numismatic Theatre presentations this year was record-breaking, in no small measure due to John's efforts.

The NLG bash arrived. The Numismatic Literary Guild, a professional organization for numismatic writers, which annually presents awards in a kajillion categories for the best numismatic writing: best books and articles in a variety of categories. We (the Xenoses and moi) shared our table this year with Carol Angel (a most attractive collector of large cents), Dave Schenkman, Joel Orosz, Mark Borckardt, Liz Arlin, Michael Hodder, and Denis Loring. In addition to the presentation a variety of "satirical" routines (for lack of a better term) are put on, and generally insulting, sophomoric, and most satisfying and deserved cheap shots and humorous verbal assaults. This year's host was Wendell Wolka who has ably taken over for the formerly able Donn Pearlman. For example, in a "Karnak" type routine performed by Scott Travers and Walter Breen, the answer was "Leuver doors". The question was, "What's the last thing people see when they get fired at the ANA?" A good time was had by all. Then it was time for the rack, as this year I was going to make it to tomorrow's EAC meeting (9:00 AM) which some sadist continues to schedule early.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 24. Morning exercise and then breakfast at the Hyatt Coffee Shop. Sharing my breakfast table were Cliff Mishler, Mrs. Clain-Stefanelli, and her son. Not a bad start to what would in fact turn out to be the most memorable day of the convention.

On to the EAC meeting. I eagerly anticipate these meetings because this is the only time that I can renew acquaintances with many of the people: Frank Wilkinson, the venerable Eric Newman, and David Lange. This year I sat with Dennis Mendelson, he of the Superior sale of middle date large cents, and a relatively recent convert to numismatic bibliomania. In fact, George Kolbe will be holding a sale of Dennis' superb numismatic literature probably this October. It should be historic. Anyway, Dennis and I talked literature and large cents and large cent literature. Dennis is a

friendly, intelligent, enthusiastic, most personable gentleman who is also as fine a human being as exists. An interesting topic at the meeting dealt with large cents that have been missing from the ANS' collection for years now.

Following the meeting, it was back to the NBS table. Myron and I decided that it was time to take another more leisurely view of the Champa exhibit of numismatic literature. By now, we had gotten over the initial "snow-blindness", and were more able to take in what we were actually seeing. In fact, we were able again to give some guidance to some of the lay viewers who previously had no understanding of numismatic literature. Now, not only am I sure that they have less than no understanding, I am also convinced that they believe that Myron and I belonged to some kind of cult, and that we could normally be seen walking around airports selling flowers for some Asian guru named "Chap Man."

Back at the NBS table I finally got spend some serious time with Dave Novoselsky, pattern aficionado extraordinaire. I had spoken to Dave many times over the last few years, but never had a face-to-face. Dave had brought his partner George Bellas (a non-numismatist) to see the show. Two neat and really sharp guys. Unfortunately we are each blessed (cursed? infected?) with a similar sense of humor. The time passed all too quickly.

Myron corralled me and said we had to go to Harry Jones' table. Harry, from Cleveland, is a nationally prominent paper money dealer and one of Myron's longtime friends. Harry had someone that he wanted us to meet: Jim Thompson from West Virginia. Jim, a well-known collector of U.S. paper money, is perhaps the most knowledgeable expert on West Virginia paper money. In most of the standard references, Jim's name appears in the acknowledgements. Anyway, it seems that Jim, who had sold his paper money collection to Harry was looking for us to handle his numismatic library. Arrangements were made. [See the Money Tree's 13th Mail Bid Sale.] Wow! Unfortunately we were not able to spend as much time with Jim Thompson, as we would have liked. However, in addition to our learning a great deal in a short period of time about West Virginia paper money, we also learned that Jim is a most unaffected, southern gentleman.

Friday afternoon was the last time that we would have any significant amount of time to spend on the bourse floor. I got to spend more time with Bob Rozycki and Al Hurry who had just bought a most magnificent presentation volume about the U.S. Treasury. Back to find a few more treasures from Hank Spangenberg.

On my way back to the NBS table I ran into Russell Clunan, a long-time telephone friend from Baton Rouge. Regular readers may recall my past writings about Russell's having put me into contact with Dave Hess, the 1960s Baton Rouge dealer in English hammered coinage. Anyway, this was the first time I actually got to spend any time face-to-face with Russell who is much taller and thinner in person than he is on the phone. Another genuine class act. We shared our recent finds from the floor, caught up on the usual rumors; Russell also can always be depended on for some neat jokes. Unfortunately, Russell soon had to leave and fly back to Baton Rouge and his wife Mimi.

After Daryl's Disastrous Adventure (not to be confused with Bill and Ted's) yesterday, Myron had rented a car. Well it really wasn't a car, it was a Geo Metro, Chevy's Korean quasi-Yugo. The Xenos' had made dinner reservations. I decided just to stay at the hotel and grab a bite at the coffee shop. After all of the excitement of the day, I was looking forward to a little tranquility. I have mentioned this before, and will so again; to be a "regular" (or maybe portly short) on the coin show circuit requires that one must have the constitution of an ox. I made the attempt in 1978 and again in 1979-1980. Forget the financial demands. The demands on my health and time were just too damaging. Fortunately, I had lost my sanity years ago, so I couldn't blame that on the travel. Regardless, for me, a nearly one week ANA convention requires that I make a special effort to get sufficient rest, exercise, sleep, and calm. And if I'm good, it only takes me 11 months to recover.

About 5:30 I decided to go down to the coffee shop, beating the inevitable crowd. I figured to have a

tranquil dinner in a corner somewhere and read the current Sports Illustrated. As I got to the restaurant, I saw Barry Tayman seated at a table for four with John Adams and another gentleman whom I did not know (or at least I thought I did not know), and one empty seat. Barry and John graciously let me join them. I figured this would give me a chance to catch up on things with Barry at leisure.

What was about to transpire would turn out to be one of my most memorable times in numismatics. Barry introduced me to the gentleman I did not know, who was (and probably still is) Warren Baker. Warren is perhaps a most knowledgeable, universally respected authority on Canadian numismatics. Perhaps the most accurate parallel would be to call Warren, the Canadian John Adams, or vice versa depending on your perspective. I had spoken to and received generous assistance from Warren when we sold the important Remy Bourne collection of Canadian numismatic literature. Extraordinary, in addition to Barry, I was having dinner with two numismatic giants. I spent a whole lot of time listening. Several minutes later, Michael Hodder came by. He was asked to join us for dinner. Amazing: Adams, Baker, and Hodder at one table. Next, John Ford wandered in. He joined the group. Adams, Baker, Hodder, and Ford! A few minutes later George Kolbe came by: Adams, Baker, Hodder, Ford, and Kolbe! The table for 4 had gradually expanded into a table for 8. Every time the waitress came by, there was another body at the table (Bartholomew and the 500 Hats). Judge Roger Persichilli came by. Roger is truly a mensch. Sadly, Roger had sort of recently lost a large part of his numismatic library in a fire. Roger sat next to me; all we could think of was of the numismatic roster that we were eating with.

The last person to join our merry group was Bill Barrett, numismatic dealer from Montreal (an Anglophone). In the late 1970's I had done some business with Bill, among whose specialty was choice and rare coinage of the British Commonwealth. As it turned out Bill is a truly funny guy. Bill was staring at my rather humungous serving of broccoli, one of the few veggies that I could eat. However, with my entree arriving, I knew that I could never finish the broccoli, and I asked the waitress to take it away. Bill kept on my case that my mother would be upset because I hadn't eaten all my veggies. Dessert rolled around, and naturally I passed, but Bill said that he had ordered a special dessert for me. Which he did. The waitress brought out a huge dish with a heaping serving of whipped cream topped by a maraschino cherry neatly nestled atop the broccoli which I had sent back earlier - the world's first broccoli sundae. That ranked with the pickle pie episode from the Cincinnati ANA.

As the hours passed and the discussions continued, with all of the numismatic talent at the table, I took the opportunity to spend the better part of an hour reminiscing on hockey with John Adams and Warren Baker. In the 1940's and 1950's, Cleveland had a powerhouse hockey team (the Barons) in the American Hockey League. Several of those players later went on to prominence in the NHL, John Ferguson and Johnny Bower, to name two. Great stuff.

The members of the "Incredible Living Banquet" were probably at the table for four hours. With all of the assorted and loud conversations, the raucous laughter, and the size of our group (which had finally grown to three tables) I would occasionally look around and notice that other diners were staring at us as though the inmates of the local mental hospital were on a field trip. I only wish that a videotape of that evening existed. I cannot remember a more fascinating evening. Barry even forgot about his back pain for a while.

Finally the "happening" began to break up. I headed upstairs to the room to digest both the food and the experience. Tomorrow would be our last day. The length of the show was beginning to catch up with me, so it was early to bed so I could be early to rise. Upon my return I noticed that my phone was flashing (you would think that it would have the common decency to keep its raincoat buttoned) I called down to the main desk and was informed that a message for me was on the TV. Oh, Brave New World. I turned to the appropriate channel and found a Byzantine message from Russell Clunan (which is odd, because Russell collects British) which alluded to my going to Paul Bosco's table tomorrow to look at an English marriage or coronation medal. Hey, whatever

floats your boat. But frankly I didn't have a clue about what he meant.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24

We had no meetings scheduled today. I really didn't have enough patience or drive to go in search of ... whatever. So, I decided to take full advantage of the opportunity to spend time with the good people at the show. I finally made contact with Bob Metzger, from Texas, another of the people I knew only by letter and phone. After sharing mutual interests, and not so mutual interests - Bob collects and exhibits counterstamped Spanish copper coins of the 1600's (Look out Bob, the Columbian banditos have those at the top of their want lists.) I learned a ton (well maybe several kilograms) about them from Bob. Fascinating. Bob and I also began to talk about competitive swimming, his son is a quite successful age group swimmer.

Then, I told Bob that I thought that the A.N.A. competitive exhibits had been judged inconsistently - my favorite was the spectacular display of Irish agricultural medals, and it had received nada. About that time Wayne Homren stopped by and justifiably chastised me. Wayne, an exhibit judge, patiently and clearly explained to me the specific criteria upon which exhibits are judged. I stand chastened. Thank you, Wayne. I learned something new. One of the major appeals of the ANA convention is that because of the vast number of people who attend, one can learn a whole lot just by listening.

Again, more conversation with the NBS guys. Apparently George Kolbe and O.J. Grady were having good shows. Great! For those of you who think that the book business is all fun and games, try shipping books all over the country, lugging them into shows, setting them up, all the while realizing that your entire table stock is not worth as much as one double row box of generic coins, breaking the display down and repacking, and reshipping (or hauling the stuff all over country). We have not set up at a show for at least two years. Because of the physical effort that selling numismatic literature, in our next lives, Myron and I plan to deal in Faberge eggs.

Finally, I got to spend some real time with David and Sherry Sklow: swapping war stories, lies, information. David is a major expert in A.N.A. literature, ephemera, and the **NUMISMATIST**. David shared a wealth of knowledge with me. For example, generally unknown A.N.A. publications and offprints. David and Sherry had relatively recently returned stateside after their tours in Guam serving in the U.S. Air Force protecting the Guamish from the perils of numismatic literature. David and Sherry, now residing in Port St. Lucie, Florida, operate Treasured Books, specializing in numismatic literature and cookbooks.

I noticed that David had been lugging around an attache case on a luggage cart all week and asked him, innocently enough, what he had in the case. It turns out that he had brought with him some numismatic literature to sell. The part of my numismatic bibliomania about which I am most manic is a sealed box or an unseen group of books. David agreed to show me some neat stuff. Among the highlights were 2 early A.N.A. membership lists: 1913 and 1917. We had sold different copies of the lists for many hundreds of dollars in a consignment from Hank Spangenberg several years ago. I wanted these two desperately. David was quite fair, leaving me a barrel to wear home. David also has a copy of Chapman's 1926 reference on the cents of 1794, but he wanted what it was worth, which I was reluctant to pay so I passed on it. Probably a stupid move but for me typical.

David and I roamed the floor together. Sherry had apparently gone to the motel room for a bit. A certain gentleman dealer (an oxymoron if I ever heard, one), who shall remain nameless, had a table full of paper ephemera. Additionally I could see boxes of numismatic literature under his table. It took awhile, a long while to get this "gentleman dealer's" attention. In going through the boxes I found some goodies, most especially a complete set of TAMS JOURNAL in the TAMS black vinyl 3 ring binders with the official TAMS emblem. Let's just say that the dealer made a strong point of how inflexible his pricing was; of how he would not negotiate, and how he didn't have to because he is a high muckymuck, and knows this stuff inside and out, ad nauseum.

Seriously, I wanted the set TAMS JOURNALS. I fully intended to pay any fair price. Believe it or don't (?) I frequently will offer a dealer the information that he may have underpriced an item about which I am more familiar. In addition to being good for the soul, I have also found that people will tend to reciprocate and correct my pricing. Fair is fair. However, because this "gentleman dealer's" attitude irritated me, I paid his price, trying to control myself because he didn't have a clue about what this set was worth. I found a few other treasures and I believe that David found one or two.

After returning to the NBS table, I went to the TAMS table which faced us and asked Dave Schenkman if he knew anything about the binder. Dave indicated that he was unfamiliar with them and that it was cute. Cindy Grellman, longtime TAMS member, was also unfamiliar with it. Maybe this set was even better than I thought. At the NBS table, John Bergman asked to see the set with the binder, afterward asking me if I wanted to sell the set. I told John that because I had bought this set "right", any offer that he would make me that was fair would be more than acceptable. Now, Brother Bergman is anything but a fool. And he made me an offer which was more than generous, but which he felt was fully fair. John got a set of TAMS JOURNALS with the original binder. I got cash. I also was fortunate in not having to lug this back to Cleveland.

Then while we were sitting around, I was tired and sort of in a stupor. (which many think is my usual state. They are wrong of course. My usual state is Ohio.) I asked to see David's copy of Chapman's 1926 reference on the 1794 cents. Based on what John had paid me for the TAMS JOURNALS, I was able to buy the 1926 Chapman at a price that was mutually satisfactory to both David and me. Neat.

Finally, after several hours of looking, kibbitzing, and talking, Myron and I went back to the Hyatt to pack up our latest purchases and non-essentials for shipping back to Cleveland by U.P.S., less hassle for us than taking everything to the airport. Everything went well until we were told that the shipping office at the Hyatt was closed until Monday. We went to the concierge, a lovely young lady (I know, it's a sexist comment, but she was a lovely young lady) who after several phone calls arranged for us to be able to leave the several boxes in the bellman's room. We gave the bellman precise instructions, slipped him a couple of shekels, and were assured that all was fine: that he would tell the guy on the next shift what to do, "not to worry". At this time, were we in a movie the audience would have heard the initial ominous strains of the theme from Jaws. Stay tuned.

Oblivious to all, soon it was time for our evening repast. Myron, Daryl, Wayne Homren, and I went to Ditka's for dinner; no, not the football coach's house, but his trendy, upscale sports bar cum restaurant. Getting there was half the fun. Despite the restaurant being nearly visible from the hotel, "you can't get there from here." It seems that in this part of Chicago, everything is one-way streets with a labyrinth thrown in for good measure. The engine of the Geo Metro with four passengers was making a strange noise which sounded peculiarly like, "I think I can, I think I can." It is just amazing what the Koreans can make with Legos. With Daryl's navigation, we arrived intact and rather quickly.

As for Ditka's despite the coach's rough hewn looks, (we sort of expected to find a slobbering defensive lineman at the valet parking who would just carry your car to its parking place.) the restaurant was airy and quite nouvelle cuisine in appearance with of course the obligatory 48 ceiling mounted TV sets turned to the Cubs game, and with waitresses wearing football official's jerseys. Ditka probably has his defense "acquire" them from the zebras.

While they didn't have spaghetti with red clam sauce on the menu, per my choice, they rustled some up for me in the kitchen. Delicious. The service was fine. The food was good. Unfortunately, it appeared that Ditka's was becoming a hangout for the undesirables. After all seated at a table behind us were Mark Borckardt, Tom Mulvaney, (I believe) and several others of the coin dealer ilk, and you know what that ilk is like.

The specialty dessert of the house is a gigantic piece of cheesecake that looks to be about 6 inches thick. I am certain that for the Ditkas of the world that is a mere trifle. For the more nearly normal human the cheesecake is followed immediately by a glucose tolerance test and coronary bypass surgery - all for \$3 50

Back to the hotel for an early evening. Packing and getting ready for a smooth getaway home tomorrow. Just to be certain about our UPS shipment, I trust no one, we checked back with the new bellman who did not have the slightest idea what we were talking about. Eventually he found our boxes and Myron gave him the same instructions as the first bellman. A couple of more shekels to guarantee proper handling and we were confidently ready to head upstairs. A leisurely sleep and a stress free flight home

However, I found that I had locked my key in my room, something I never do. A harbinger of things to come.

Anyway once in the room, while I was fiddling around with the TV remote (a distinct 20th century male sex-linked characteristic) I noted that I could see an up to the minute record of my room charges for the week. Neat! Except that there was one slight problem. My room, for which we had a confirmation for \$46 00 a night was billed at \$82 00 a night, a mere \$200 additional. Hold the phone! I went to Myron's room and asked him to check his TV billing record. His, which was confirmed at \$82 or thereabouts per night, was charged at \$92 00 per

Despite it being nearly 11.00, Myron and I decided to go down to the main desk and find out where the problem was. As you may recall, several hundred pages ago, that our early experiences with the Chicago Hyatt were rather negative. Those were peaches and cream compared to this. We got the assistant manager, a rather pleasant looking and mannered young gentleman, who had absolutely zero authority to do anything. After I explained very patiently our situation, several times, in both soothing tones and in very simple English, I began to recognize the glassy-eyed unfocused eyes of someone who realized that he has made a bad career choice. In fact, he informed us that until three weeks ago he was a guitar player in a band.

I took sympathy on this unfortunate soul, and asked to speak to the manager, a rather pleasant young woman who, as we found out, also had little authority to do anything. We gave her our confirmation numbers. Amazing, the computer had no record. Now, I tend not to trust any organization comprised of over three people. So, before we left for Chicago in the first place, I checked - not once, not twice, but three (count em, 3) times with the Hyatt to verify our reservations, the rate, everything! Each time I received the same confirmation numbers and the same assurances. All of a sudden, we don't exist electronically, the Hyatt has no \$46.00 room rate, never has, never will. There must be some mix-up on our part because "THE COMPUTER" has nothing to support our claim. I subsequently asked if there might be a paper, an actual written record (a hard copy), of our reservation. Amazing, in going through the file, she could only find one of ours.

The lady was pleasant but offered no satisfaction to our (really, their) problem. Myron was getting ready to give her his ("Listen you officious bureaucrat" tirade, of which he is the acknowledged master). I gave it another try. No satisfaction. Sympathy. Empathy. But no satisfaction. Yes, I am a slow learner. But then it did sink in that this drone really had no authority to make any decisions. It was her job to answer for the problems made by her superiors - sort of like being a goalie without pads. Sort of institutional gender abuse.

I then took another approach, trying to find if she had any authority over anything. I asked her that if a guest had a complaint about a room, did she have the authority to give the courteous guest the room without charge. Bingo! Yesss! Eureka! I found the secret of the Rosetta Stone. I then tried to get the room rates adjusted downward to what we had been guaranteed by stating that several

nights of our stay were unsatisfactory. In short (actually, in long and frustrating), we were able to get some relief, but not what to where the rates were that we had been quoted. Remembering the "beating the dead horse" homily, we hoofed it back upstairs deciding to handle this with corporate headquarters once we got back home. Finally, to sleep. But certainly not the long, peaceful one I had hoped would have begun several hours earlier.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 26. Our flight was leaving at 1:something PM so we three decided to have a leisurely day. A nice long breakfast at the Hyatt coffee shop. A bit of a stroll around the grounds in beautiful weather. We still had a few hours to kill so we walked over to the Convention Center. Sitting outside, we saw Nancy Green and Lynn Chen, the former and current A.N.A. librarians. Last night, at the A.N.A. banquet Nancy was given a well-deserved A.N.A. Achievement Award, a huge silver medal that apparently was made from all of the silver ever mined in Carson City.

There was no real reason to go back to the bourse floor so we did. We bought some A.N.A. centennial souvenirs, said our goodbyes, and went back to the hotel to check out.

You may remember from when we began this diary so many eons ago that we were not thrilled with our early experiences at the Hyatt. Well, our checkout went smoothly, sort of. There was a bit of a ruckus at the check-in desk. As it was clearly none of our business, we eavesdropped. It seemed that a huge fashion convention was scheduled to begin the next day at the Convention Center. It seemed that they had reserved 800 rooms. It seemed that the 800 rooms were not available because the current "guests had not checked out". At that point the young woman who apparently represented the 800 reserved room fashion people nearly went berserk. The desk person attempted to calm by indicating that if necessary the Hyatt would set up cots in various meeting rooms. The fashion rep. went "ballistic", saying, "Cots! Calvin Klein doesn't sleep on cots! We don't need no feelthy stinking cots!" Well, maybe she didn't say the last part, but a battle was about to be joined.

With a knowing smile, sadder and wiser we left to return the Geometro, or whatever, to the airport rent-a-rice burner. To get the three of us and one suitcase per, 2 attache cases in the Marx Big Wheel required that I sit on the back seat with my knees to my chest. Unfortunately that meant that to fit in, my right arm had to be amputated, but beauty knows no pain. With my left hand I had to hold on to the suitcases that the precariously the open hatch back window.

We soon pulled into the car rental lot. Amazing, the Sunday morning clerk at the rental office, a high school girl, was the most efficient professional we dealt with all week. Buh-Bing, Buh-Bang. A quick return. None too quick, as it turned out. Seriously, when we went out to put our bags in the car the rental place would use to take us to the airport, we saw, honestly, that the back tire on the Geo was dead flat. Perhaps an exclamation point to our logistical frustrations.

We walked through O'Hare, found a sort of beer and sandwich sitdown, caught the plane, and had a routine flight home. Good pilot and crew. Myron's younger daughter Stefanie picked us up at the airport. Back to Myron's house in a mere 10 minutes to pick up my car. Home from the airport. Called the vet where the cat was boarded. Picked her up forthwith. Cat happy, me happy. I then went into a coma from which I emerged last week. Incidentally, our packages from U.P.S. did arrive a few days later.

So, stay tuned. The A.N.A. Diary for Orlando is only a few months away. We already have our room reservations and our airplane tickets through Midnight Airlines, a fly-by-night outfit.

Finally, my gratitude to all of the people who made the convention so memorable. Unfortunately, some fine people who we spent time with didn't get their story included here (for which they are probably grateful). So, both thanks and apologies go out to Pete Smith, who wrote an A.N.A. diary for this issue of the LIMB, but whose efforts unfortunately aren't included. Also, to David Alexander, Vincent Alones, Gerry Anaszewicz, Ken Barr, Henry Bergos, David Block, Carl Carlson, Don & Helen Carmody, Allan Davisson, Tom Denly, Steve Eyer, George Hatie, R.W. Julian, Dennis

Kroh & Desiree Van Seeters, Richard and Sarah Margolis, Bill Bain Murray, Jeff Rock, Fred Schwan, Ingrid Smith, Karl Stephens, to all of those who I forgot to include, and finally to John Donoghue who kept Myron and me laughing all week.

ON THE NECESSITY AND THE VALUE OF COLLECTING AND USING AUCTION CATALOGUES

In our last several mail bid sales I noticed a tendency for there to be more unbid lots than usual in our offerings of auction catalogues. After speaking with several of our trusty bidders whom I thought should have been interested in the unbid catalogues (I just love telling people what they should be bidding on), I learned some interesting things. Unfortunately I am not about to share them with you.

What I plan to offer is the subject of the title of this article. We notice that virtually any book, in any condition, about any numismatic or peripheral topic, will receive bids. However, some of the most important numismatic catalogues, many of which are available "really cheap" will go unbid.

While certainly, not all catalogues are of interest to all (though as infoholics we cannot understand why), we believe that many collectors are unaware that many catalogues are magnificent reference works, in many cases superior to the standard reference books for the series.

While most auction catalogues are exclusively concerned with selling stuff, there are also numerous auction catalogues whose longterm reference value far exceeds being a mere sales listing. The series of New Netherlands auction catalogues generally from sale 32 through sale 64-ish are classic reference works. Those sales were catalogued by John Ford, virtually all with research assistance from Walter Breen. Whether one is concerned with large cents, half cents, colonials, store cards, U.S. gold, paper money, Leshar dollars, patterns or virtually any numismatic topic, the text in those catalogues conveyed information about a coin, a series, or perhaps an individual which appears nowhere else. Remember, for all intents and purposes, **PENNY WHIMSY** has remained unchanged since 1958. Yet much important research, which never appears in books, is present in the auction catalogue.

The series of Bowers and Merena sales, many Stack's sales especially the most recent years, many Superior sales, and also the earlier Raymond, Elder, Bolender, Bluestone, Mehl and many other sales contain valuable information about a variety of topics, much of the information the most current available. The reason we spend so much time annotating each of the lots in our mail bid sales is to give you some guidelines about the contents and the value of each sale.

One would be quite surprised at the number of experienced, and knowledgeable collectors who really have no appreciation for the vast quantity of useful, necessary, easily accessible information with which they are unfamiliar.

For example, the 1954 Stack's Anderson-Dupont sale of large cents was catalogued by Dr. Sheldon. Information exists in his cataloguing that for a variety of reasons is not included in **PENNY WHIMSY**. In the Bowers and Merena sale of the Frederick Taylor collection, Warren Baker's reference collection of Blacksmith Tokens contains information not readily available elsewhere. The 1952 A.N.A. sales catalogue features information about Leshar dollars that is generally not available elsewhere. Superior's Jack Robinson sale of large cents contains up-to-date information about die varieties that is not readily available elsewhere.

The Superior's Robby Brown sale of large cents contains pedigree information which exists in no

other reference. How about Bolender's 183rd auction which offered his own reference collection of bust dollars? How about the Lester Morkin sale offering Al Overton's reference collection of bust halves. The most up-to-date information about much in the medal and token field exists in the catalogues of Joe Levine's Presidential Coin and Antiques, Rich Hartzog's auction catalogues, and those of Paul Cunningham.

Most of the outstanding research which Michael Hodder produced when he was with Bowers and Merena appears in their auction catalogues, and generally not in reference books. Superior has recently sold the Roger Cohen, Jr. collection of half cents. This volume is a true reference work. I made a point of ordering the hardbound copy with the photographic plates because the information in this sale represents the most current available on the series about which the late Mr. Cohen produced a standard reference.

Which brings up another matter - hardbound auction catalogues. Regular readers (we are not speaking of one's intestinal motion) of our auction catalogues are aware of our advocacy of obtaining copies of important auction catalogues in the hardbound format. While most of the current, grand format, card covered auction catalogues issued by the leading American firms are most attractive and are excellent value for the money, they were never intended to stand up under long term use. In little time, the contents tend to come unglued. Also the Postal Service seems insistent on trying to fit all size 10 catalogues into size 6 mailboxes. Nearly half of the large format catalogues which I receive in my larger size post office box are delivered new already having broken spines, torn covers, and badly bent or torn contents from the postal mishandlers. Take a look at your softbound copy of the Bowers and Ruddy U.S. Gold (Eliasberg) collection. How's the spine? Take a look at your softbound copies of the Bowers and Merena Norweb Collection sales. How are the spines and the covers? Take a look at your copy of Numismatic Gallery's 1944 Higgy Collection sale, or of the 1938 Stack's Reinhold Faelten Collection of ancient coins. Is it possible that they were all issued with bent and worn covers?

It is a pleasant occurrence to know that 3 auction houses - Bowers and Merena, Stack's, and Superior - are each currently producing nearly without exception high quality auction catalogues that are jam-packed with significant numismatic information. I can recall no other time when so many firms were producing so many true reference catalogues at the same time.

Early auction catalogues are equally important as reference works. The Woodward, Strobridge, Cogan, and Chapmans (singly and together) catalogues contain information that tends to get overlooked or ignored. Specialists or collectors could benefit tremendously from the information within. Yet too many collectors feel that auction catalogues are like back issues of the REDBOOK, interesting but with information that each year becomes out-of-date, and therefore useless. Au contraire. I know few knowledgeable numismatists who do not have quantities of auction catalogues in their reference libraries.

If you are truly going to make use of your auction catalogues, the hardbound format is not a luxury or a vain affectation. It is a necessity. Could you imagine trying to use a softbound version, in traditional size, of the dictionary you normally see in libraries?

If you know that you are going to be using the catalogue regularly, try to obtain a hardbound edition, if one exists. The scuzziest hardbound book of any kind that I have ever seen is Denis Loring's copy of PENNY WHIMSY. However, after years of inhuman treatment and book abuse (we plan on having a telethon to stamp out book abuse with Denis' PENNY WHIMSY as the poster child) the book remains intact and contains many thousands of dollars of value and probably an equal number of hours of work. Merely opening a recent copy of a large format glossy auction catalogue from a moderately large U.S. firm found me holding a heap of suddenly loose pages.

So, collectors ... please remember. The best of the auction catalogues contain information that may be available nowhere else, or in no other one volume reference. So don't let the date of the sale, or

its condition put you off. Take a look at auction catalogues; see what the various numismatic literature auction firms say about the various sales in their own auction catalogues. We are particularly disappointed that so many auction catalogues go unsold, and not merely for petty pecuniary reasons. We know how much useful, valuable information is contained in various of these sales, and it hurts that some collectors and numismatists are so unwilling to make use of such useful, and moderately priced, reference works.

A TRAGIC LOSS

In previous writings I have referred to this period as the Golden Age of Numismatic Literature as so many high quality new reference works pertaining to numismatics and numismatic literature have been written. This vast body of literature has benefitted the entire hobby in a variety of ways

However, there also is a sense of loss. With the death of so many numismatic giants, there has also been a loss to numismatics knowledge possessed by these people that will be lost forever. Various books have appeared by and about these figures. LEGACY, the periodical produced by Heritage Numismatics contains in each issue a substantive interviews with a noted numismatist: John Ford, Elvira Clain-Stefanelli, Harry Bass, etc. These interviews provide a written record for posterity about these significant numismatic figures their experiences, observations, and unique knowledge. Still there are so many important numismatic figures today who have unique experiences that have yet to be recorded in any fashion that there is a great potential loss of knowledge to numismatics.

But now to the point. For several years I have been frustrated by the vast amount of knowledge that has been printed in the various numismatic newspapers that may very well be lost to the numismatic public. Whenever I am fortunate to pick up some back issues of COIN WORLD or NUMISMATIC NEWS, I am always amazed at how much quality information exists in these journals, that few have access to.

The quality, or lack thereof, of the newsprint; and the large size of these papers makes it extraordinarily difficult to preserve the superb articles that have been printed in these papers since 1960 for COIN WORLD and 1952 for NUMISMATIC NEWS.

I wish that someone (or many someones), somewhere could convince COINS WORLD and NUMISMATIC NEWS to reprint in book form, the best of the articles that have been in their pages. I have little doubt that the articles by Bob Julian, Walter Breen, or Dave Bowers or the other numismatic researchers would be of significant interest to the numismatic fraternity. Realizing that few people can or do save their weekly papers, wouldn't it make sense for the publishers or editors to produce various volumes containing the best of their articles. The recent articles in COIN WORLD about the Brasher Doubloons are wonderful. I do not necessarily agree with all of the author's conclusions, but I recognize that these articles deserve a greater chance of preservation than hoping that one's copy of COIN WORLD will actually hold up under any real use, over any period of time. One numismatic researcher even told me that he had typed every word of each of those articles so that he would have a copy to work from over time.

Also it is to the credit of each of these papers to have printed so many articles of worth. Wouldn't it be appropriate, desirable, and in their own interest to have their "Best of ..." printed in book form? Despite the realization that few numismatic books truly make money, doesn't it seem reasonable that instead of some new book about investing in double-die banknote pieforts, that there is a genuine need and desire in the numismatic community for an anthology of articles about U.S. coinage, the U.S. mint, numismatic recollections taken from the pages of these papers?

Has anyone any ideas or suggestions of what we can do to convince the numismatic papers to reprint the best of their articles in book form?

THE GREAT AMERICAN APRIL FOOL NUMISMATIC HOAX

[Although COIN WORLD carried a brief account of the following, a slew of reader (1) asked me for some of the inside dope on the matter, so being the dope inside, let me elaborate (something that I obviously do with great reluctance).]

I went to my Post Office box late afternoon March 30, 1992. Most of the mail was so typical that I could recognize what it was merely by its shape or appearance. A careful perusal was unnecessary then. Said perusal to wait until late afternoon, before dinner when it is couch time with the cat sleeping on my arm.

Again, nothing special. One of the items was a folded (horizontally bisected), stapled sheet of blue paper, typical xerox-type eight and a half by eleven. The address was handprinted in a feminine (I know, a sexist comment) hand. A cancelled 29c stamp with no postmark. Typically this type of flyer is an announcement for an upcoming local coin show, of no real distinction. I ripped the paper away from the clip. The letter appeared to be a very poor quality photocopy, the amateurish style of the typical "garage sale" flyer/ The entire text of the letter including spacing, capitalization errors, and typos are included.

**MARTIN NATHANIEL DAYCIUS
GALLERIES**

ANNOUNCE

A PUBLIC AUCTION SALE

BOOKS AND CATALOGS ON COINS & SUNDRY ITEMS

**ON WEDNESDAY THE FIRST OF APRIL
AT 1204 MAGNOLIA, FORT WORTH, TEXAS
10:30 AM SHARP**

Many 100's of lots, recently discovered. From A long deceased dealer. Old coin books. Many old catalogs on beautiful leathers, though a number marked up with prices and various names. Nice photos in a number. Lots of old records, and invoices also. Several box lots of old coin envelopes, letters and so on. Large pile of old coin sales a few going back to the 1820's.

**TERMS OF SALE: CASH ONLY
ALL ITEMS MUST BE PAID FOR AND REMOVED AT THE END OF THE SALE**

**M.N Daycius, Auctioneer
Carrollton, Texas**

My first reaction. Sonuvagun. Somebody found a bunch of old Max Mehl stuff. I

checked the date. Wednesday, April 1. Hell, there's no way I can get away to Texas on Wednesday, APRIL THE FIRST! Wait a minute! From the murky recesses of my memory came the recollection - "M.N. Daycius" MENDACIOUS! Synonym for "lying" as in "fib".

Numismatic tie-in. I vaguely remember hearing that when George Clapp was looking over the George French large cents coins that Max Mehl had purchased, for which subsequently Mehl had produced the famous French fixed price list. Clapp told Mehl that the appropriate dealer's pricing code for putting on the holders was, "MENDACIOUS" - 10 letters, all different, representing numbers 1-10.

At that point I realized it had to be an April Fool's joke. Neat. Soon after I phoned Myron to see if he had gotten a copy. Yessir, he had. He believed it legit for a while, also. We laughed. We then tried to figure out who would have done it. Myron's copy came with a Fort Worth postmark. So someone did at least mail one copy from Fort Worth. Naturally we began to list suspects. So we will let you in on Sherlockian thought processes phrase by phrase.

1. With the use "mendacious", suspicions were that it had to one of the copper fraternity who knew of the George Clapp story. Unless there is someone in numismatics who actually is smart enough to know what mendacious meant

2. "First of April" - obvious

3. "From A long deceased dealer" - someone who knew that with the Fort Worth location, the hoax victim would automatically think of Max Mehl.

4. "Many old catalogs on beautiful leathers" - deluxe and presentation editions of Mehl sales and others

5. "though a number marked up with prices and various names" - named and priced copies of old auction catalogues

6. "Nice photos in a number" - early plated catalogues

7. "Lots of old records, and invoices also" - ephemera and archival research material, probably previously unknown.

8. "Several box lots of old coin envelopes, letters and so on" - something of particular interest to Myron and me.

9. "Large pile of old coin sales, a few going back to the 1820's." - Attinelli listed the first American auction to feature anything numismatic was the 1828 Watkins sale (although at least two other earlier ones are known) of which 2 original copies are known, 1 is believed to be defective. 12 reprinted copies were made in the 1850s or 1860s. The hoaxer had to know about Attinelli or Watkins

So, what have we learned? What do we know? What do we do next?

By talking about beautiful leathers, and priced and named copies, and going back to the 1820s, we believed that this was specifically intended to lure several of the advanced collectors

Next, we checked our mailing list to see if any of our suspects lived in Texas. Nope.

We learned that the A N A. Midyear convention had been held several weeks ago in

the Dallas area; thus affording the hoaxter the opportunity to have the flyers mailed from there. So no geographic clues to help. About then it was time for dinner. So Myron and I hung up (?) (hanged up?) ... put our respective phones on their respective hooks, except for his which is a cordless, so he put it on the un-hook

Immediately, my phone began to ring. Armand, Mark Auerbach, Wayne Homren, Scott Rubin, Remy Bourne, and on and on. I will not embarrass anyone, but some of the callers, not necessarily (but not necessarily not) any of the aforementioned absolutely believed the letter. As a matter of fact, in later letters and calls we heard from some of this country's most prominent numismatists, numismatic bibliophiles, and "professional" numismatists who indicated that they had been sucked in.

How far had some gone? Several phoned the Fort Worth information number to get the phone number of the Gallery. Someone suggested to me that I go down there for them and buy the whole lot, outright. Someone sent a check for \$25.00 Fedex to get a copy of the catalogue. Some phoned friends in Fort Worth (and also Dallas) to find out what they could about the Gallery. Someone phoned a friend who worked across the street from the address to find out what the place looked like. Answer, "It's a boarded up building." At least two made airplane reservations, and a bunch more were planning to. Yep, time stood still as we numismatic bibliophiles all hoped that Geraldo Rivera, at last, had dug up something - the great Max Mehl accumulation of numismatic literature.

As phone calls continued to criss-cross the country, people gradually became aware of the hoax, generally greeting it with good humor.

Some of the people got the flyer addressed to an old address. Mark Auerbach suggested that it might have been someone using an old address list. Who might that be? Perhaps a former clerk-treasurer of the NBS. John Bergman! No, not his style (at least we don't believe so), Mark maintained that it was Carling Gresham. I agreed until we found out that Carling had been undergoing surgery. George Kolbe (nawww, but just maybe). Us, no! We wish that we were the perpetrators, but definitely not us.

The current theories include Elvis because one post office in Fort Worth is located next to a donut shop. And that Mehl himself came back, to try to take it with him this time.

Whodunit? We don't know, but for a few days there was great excitement in the numismatic bibliophilic community. If any of you have any theories, or knowledge, please contact us.

Originally, Myron and I were going to take full credit for the hoax; apologizing for any inconvenience, hoping to get the real hoaxter to confess. Anyway, congrats for an excellent joke to the hoaxter.

THE MONEY TREE'S 14TH MAIL BID SALE OF NUMISMATIC LITERATURE WILL CLOSE MONDAY, AUGUST 24, 1992

Our 14th Mail Bid Sale will close after the American Numismatic Association Convention in Orlando. We found that many of you told us last summer that you preferred the August closing, rather than our usual late July closing. Of course, this also gives me more time to catalogue.

Highlights of this sale include: rare 1941 A N A Convention memorabilia formerly belonging to Howard Davidson of the Philadelphia Coin Club. The highlight will be the first ever offering of the proof sterling silver convention medal, of which only 2 were struck. This is the only one available as the location of the other is unknown.

Also included will be some rare annual A N A Convention photographs and A N A Convention badges

Also offered will be a large number of important auction catalogues, all well-annotated from major European auction houses

Among the special U.S. auction catalogues offered will be a 1907 Henry Chapman **STICKNEY Sale in the original unbound signatures** Wayte Raymond's auction room copy of the **JENKS Sale**

Extensive Bowersiana will include an autographed copy of the deluxe library edition of **EMPIRE TOPICS** and a 1956 **BOWERS LIST NO. 2**.

Many key books and auction catalogues will be available for the collector of early coppers and large cents including the Deluxe Edition with Photographic Plates of Superior's sales of the **ROBINSON BROWN Collection** and also the **JACK ROBINSON Collection**

Other featured references include David Akers' 6 volume series on **U.S. GOLD**, a nearly complete set of the Davenport taler books, important and rare English language references on Chinese coins, a Deluxe Library Edition of the new Parsley/Overton **EARLY HALF DOLLAR DIE VARIETIES**, the **A.N.A. CENTENNIAL HISTORY**, the **A.N.A. CENTENNIAL ANTHOLOGY**, Volume II of John Adams' **UNITED STATES NUMISMATIC LITERATURE**, both the Einzig and the Quiggin references on primitive money, the 1920 A.J.N. offprint of **STATES COINAGES OF NEW ENGLAND**, a copy of the deluxe leatherbound edition of Wayte Raymond's 1931 **PRIVATE GOLD COINS**, the very scarce bound interleaved edition Edgar H. Adams' 1920 **UNITED STATES STORE CARDS**, the 2 volume set of J.F. Loubat's, **THE MEDALLIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**

A section of **B. MAX MEHL** memorabilia, with several unique pieces, will be offered: **Mehl's personal auction record book of U.S. gold coinage**, the office copies of the first 14 issues of **Mehl's COIN CIRCULAR**, the original office "account and results" records for 6 Mehl auction sales, and some early photographs of Mehl

Additionally, we are featuring several hundred 19th century and rare early 20th century numismatic auction catalogues, one of our specialties, including a rare plated copy of Sampson's 1883 **FROTHINGHAM** sale. Also we are offering some extremely rare and important pre-1876 catalogues, many of them ex-Wylie. Many of these catalogues have not been offered for at least a decade

Although the aforementioned catalogues have been consigned by several different numismatists, we are not going to make you chase through a variety of consignments to find what you are looking for. Rather, we are going to list all of the catalogues in one section, organized alphabetically by dealer, and then chronologically within each dealer.

Of course, there will be important periodicals, for example, **THE GOBRECHT JOURNAL**.

THE COPPERHEAD COURIER, and THE JOHN REICH SOCIETY JOURNAL

And finally the sale will feature the basic and the unusual references which you have come to expect from us.

THE MONEY TREE'S 15TH MAIL BID SALE WILL CLOSE IN EARLY NOVEMBER 1992 FEATURING THE NUMISMATIC LIBRARY OF [INSERT YOUR NAME HERE]

You may notice that our mail bid sales feature a large number of consignors. Most, even the anonymous ones, consign on a regular basis. (I'm starting to run out of geographic euphemisms to designate them. I'm thinking of naming them by using the last four digits of their social security numbers)

We keep our consignors by presenting their material well, by offering competitive consignment rates, by getting excellent prices for our consignors (from you our generous bidders), and by paying quickly. Although our formal terms state that we will pay completely in 40 days after the close of the sale. Because so many of you pay so promptly, we have been able to pay many of our consignors within 14 to 30 days. In fact, in our last sale, each of our consignors was paid completely within the same month.

So, if you wish to consign your entire or merely part of your numismatic library; various rare, important, or "cute" references; or A.N.A. memorabilia, please contact us. You know the type of material that we are seeking to offer, based on what you see us offer.

We are friendly, courteous, reverent, clean, [Wait a minute, that's the Boy Scouts]. Anyway we are easy to deal with before, during, and also AFTER the sale of your material.

We want to sell your numismatic literature for you. No library (well, maybe the Library of Congress) is too large. If you wish to speak with either Myron, Daryl, or me, we will all be at the A.N.A. Convention in Orlando. If you cannot find us, just have us paged. We know that you will be pleased.

With summer having arrived, we can easily be contacted during regular business hours at the office, or by FAX.

ANA NOTES WITH NAMES

By

Pete Smith

[FROM THE EDITOR: Pete Smith is one of the Minneapolis numismatic mafia. Among his writings are **THE STORY OF THE STARRED REVERSE CENT** published in 1986. He also wrote a 4 part serial article from this past year for **PENNY-WISE**, "Names with Notes", an "A to Z" annotated bibliography of important large cent collectors and personalities. Additionally, Pete has written important introductions for each of Remy Bourne's **FIXED PRICE LISTS AND PRICES PAID FOR LISTS** about large cents from lists issued during the particular time period of each volume, in addition to his other numismatic writings. I apologized earlier in this issue to Pete for not being able to include his 1991 A.N.A. diary. Well, now I apologize to Pete for its being somewhat delayed.]

Preparation. As of August 1991, I am unemployed. I have the time to make my fourth A.N.A. convention and first since 1983 but am short of funds. Since October 1990 my occupation has been research for a proposed book, **AMERICAN NUMISMATIC BIOGRAPHIES**. My primary interest in Chicago will be meeting people and conducting interviews for the book. I make an advance list of 100 people I hope to see in Chicago. One of my goals is to note who I see so I can write that they are "living in 1991."

Monday 8/12/91. Bill Daehn picks me up. On the way out of town we pick up 12 cases of the new books on large cents from Wes Rasmussen's Litho Technical Services. Bill gets his gas paid for and my costs are reduced. We meet two other Minneapolis collectors, Dave McCann and Lee Quast at a cheap hotel with a number in the name. The four of us will be staying together for the convention. As we head back for dinner I see Tom Wagemaker in a car headed the other direction. Back in the hotel room I bump my head on a T.V. shelf overhanging my luggage.

Tuesday 8/13/91. I say hello to Ralph Winquist who is staying in the same hotel. I stop at the first day cancellation ceremony for the "Numismatics" stamp. Many numismatic notables are in the room. I stand next to Central States secretary Bob Douglas. I leave early to attend the John Reich Collectors Society meeting. I introduced Jules Reiver to William Atkinson. The program leaves me wondering how a counterstamp can appear on one side without flattening the other side. I interview Russell Logan and confirm listings with David Davis and John McCloskey. I head upstairs in time to see Bill Noyes bringing in the last of his books. I wander by Denis Loring's table. I stop to see George Kolbe who has a nice copy of A.M. Smith's **COINS AND COINAGE** on display. I find John Wright and Mabel Ann Wright in the lounge area. He tells me of the recent death of Phil Van Cleave. At Jim Grady's table I see Bob Metzger. We will cross paths every few hours for the rest of the convention. The educational programs are hosted by John Burns. I recognize him from a picture with a meatball in a previous OOAL. I attend Mark Auerbach's presentation on Byron Reed. At the ANS table I find Robert Julian who was number one on my list of people I want to meet. Also at the table is Richard Doty and Alan Stahl. Later Margo Russell will show up there. I find Joe Levine who helps answer a question about a Lea Ahlborn medal. I buy a ticket to the NLG Bash from Kay Lenker and get an interview. I also get to interview Hank Spangenberg and Stephen Taylor.

Wednesday 8/14/91. I bump my head again getting dressed. I get to the Expo center well before opening. I find Bill Murray in the lobby. We head upstairs to find a quiet spot for an interview. Bill Fivaz walks by. We go back to the lobby and I find Mark Auerbach and we go upstairs. When the bourse opens, my first stop is at the table of Fred Schwan. We have a good interview. I stop at the Stack's table looking for Martin Gengerke but learn that he could not make the trip. I meet David T. Alexander who will quickly become a new friend. He introduces me to Harvey Stack. Harvey gives me biographical information on the family. He mentions the recent death of Shirley Stack. I get an autograph from Catalina Villalpando. Eric Newman and Ken Bressett give me autographs at the author's table. I interview Larry Whitlow. I get to talk to Michael Hodder and like him much more than I expected. John J. Ford gives a very entertaining talk that I would like to get on tape as a program for my local club. Roommate Bill mentions that he has seen an ad for a cartographer posted in his building. I will check on that when I get home.

Thursday 8/15/91. While waiting for the bourse to open, I sit outside with Robert Julian. He is sitting with someone I don't recognize but turns out to be David Block. I attend the Numismatic Literary Guild meeting. I talk briefly to Beth Deisher and David Ganz. I am late for the start of the Numismatic Bibliomania Society meeting. They try to cram two hours of program into an hour. Those who attend get a name tag with a ribbon. I try to interest Armand Champa in a corkscrew from A.M. Smith. He is amused but not interested. A few people ask about Remy Bourne who is in California for the wedding of his son Michael. I attend Denis Loring's talk on "The Famous Four". After the meeting I meet John Kraljevich, Jr. He is a 13 year old YN with great potential. I say hello to an old friend. I still think of her as Carol Fiese although she is now an Angel. Elvira Clain-Stefanelli introduces me to her son. I catch Ed Rochette and David Ganz at the author's table.

I go outside with John Ford for an interview. I get five minutes of stuff I can use and an hour of great stories that I can't publish. Later I interview Harry Forman, Robert Hoge, and Anthony Swiatek. Ann Marie Aldrich and Jim Miller are on publisher's row. Clifford Mishler is wearing a neck brace that catches everybody's attention. In the evening I attend the NBS symposium hosted by Armand Champa and featuring John Adams, John Ford, George Kolbe, and Scott Rubin. They try to pack 5 hours of program into two hours. Bill and I have to leave to attend the NLG Bash. There I meet Joel Orosz and Myron Xenos. I chat briefly with Wendell Wolka before he hosts the evening program. I can only have a brief chat with R. Henry Norweb who had me over for dinner in 1984 (at the ANS COAC)

Friday 8/16/91. For three days I have felt like a billiard ball bouncing off the walls. No matter where I am, there is somewhere else I want to be at the same time. Today is my first day to relax. I am waiting outside for the bourse to open. John Bergman and Charles Davis come by with their arms full of boxes. I volunteer to carry one but am stopped by security people who throw me out. The day starts with the Early American Coppers meeting. I met John Kraljevich's mother. She shows me the Brazil 80 Reis overstruck on an 1817 Cent that John bought. I talk briefly with Dan Holmes and Jim Neiswinter. Donn Pearlman comes in with a sign for P.C.G.S. and says this is for "People Collecting Good Stuff. Up at the bourse I stop to talk with Bob Matthews. Wayne Homren stops by and buys my A.M. Smith corkscrews. John Adams passes by and we have a much too brief chat. John S. Davenport gives me an autograph at the author's table. The mint exhibit features T. James Farrell who helps explain the process for converting rough designs into dies. I interview Scott Travers. He fills out my form and fills up the back with additional notes. Scott introduces me to Bernard Rome who gets interviewed later. Elizabeth Jones passes in the aisle. I set up a time later for an interview but she stands me up. I interview Jerry Bobbe, Bill Noyes, Alan Stahl and J.T. Stanton. The NBS table is a popular gathering hole. Dan Hamelberg is there with a first edition COINS AND COINAGE to show me. Fred Lake shows me a later edition. The Katens are there and I talk to Laurese but can't catch Frank. AS the bourse closes Dennis Heller stops me to say hello. I have known him since my college days in the early 60's. I would not have recognized Dennis because he has lost so much weight. After the "World Series of Numismatics" I catch Richard Doty. We talk about the Brazil 80 Reis and Doty's upcoming trip to Brussels. The evening program features Bowers, Breen, Bressett, Clain-Stefanelli, Hallenbeck and Newman.

Saturday 8/17/91. I bump my head two more times on the television shelf. As I sit dazed on the floor my sympathetic roommate almost falls on the floor laughing. I attend Maurice Rosen investment seminar. Someone asks me, "You are attending an investment seminar! What happened, did someone hit you over the head?" I interview Jim Halperin who also fills in some information about Steve Ivy. Ken Hallenbeck invites me to join him for lunch but I decline. I talk to Barbara Gregory about an idea I have for THE NUMISMATIST. I run into Adna Wilde in an aisle. We chat and he gives me copies of a couple of articles he wrote for THE NUMISMATIST. Bowers gives me a home address where I can write to Jim Ruddy. I interview Ed Leventhal, Norman Pullen, and Neil Shafer. I attend the Breen and Bowers educational programs. After trying all week, I finally catch Cindy Grellman for an interview. I also get additional information from her husband Bob.

Sunday 8/18/91. As I am shaving I notice an ashtray made of thin aluminum decorated with a five pointed star. I think of offering it to Walter Breen as a uniface die trial of a "Sprinkle Dollar." For the first time I take my camera to the convention for a few pictures. We pull up in front of the Expo Center to load material from the Souvenir Card Society table. Bill will be driving straight back to Minneapolis. I talk to Charles Davis who is about to drive off with the Champa exhibit material. In the lobby I find Harry Schwartz from Caucaphany, Indiana. Lee and Dave and I wait by the BEP booth for the last souvenir card drawing. William T. Gibbs comes by and takes my picture. The three of us will appear on the bottom of the September 11 issue of COIN WORLD. In the photo I am identified as "paper money collector Pete Smith." I watch as Gene Hessler packs up his exhibit that won the Howland Wood Award. Three of us drive to Oshkosh, Wisconsin. We have been invited to visit Curtis Radford. He takes us for a boat ride on the Fox River and Lake Winnebago.

Monday 8/19/91. We drive to Iola for "A Day in Iola" hosted by Krause Publications. John Wilson takes a picture of me with Ruth Ann Brettell. We pose like old friends even though I had never before met her. Chester Krause welcomes us to his office. Dave Harper and Arlyn Sieber leave their desks to schmooze with the tourists. We have lunch and take a boat ride on the "Chain-O-Lakes." I sit for a while with John Jay Pittman. He tells stories of several old numismatists. We head back to KP. Lee has some things to show Colin Bruce, Dave has things to show Alan Herbert. I want a longer look at the library. It has the important contemporary references but little that is old or historical. We drive back to Minneapolis and I get home about 9:00 p.m. I get a call from Bill telling me that the cartographer job is still open.

Tuesday I call and set up an interview. Wednesday is the job interview. Thursday I am offered the job. Friday I start a new job. I won't have so much free time now to do research.

Some people I wanted to see did not get to the convention. Some slipped past me. Some names have been left out of this report. I saw a number of people that I did not talk to this trip. Their names will go in my "living in 1991" file. They include Harry Boosel, Grover Criswell and Florence Shook. I never did get to see Aubrey and Adeline Bebee even though they had set a space set aside to meet the public. It was a great trip. I have managed to drop the names of about 100 numismatists without including the name of Ken Lowe.

[Editor: a brief Afterword: Pete told me that the cartographer job lasted nine months and that he currently is gainfully unemployed. However, the good news is that this has given him the time to put the finishing touches on **AMERICAN NUMISMATIC BIOGRAPHIES**, an annotated biography of about 1400 American numismatic figures from the nineteenth century onward. Stay tuned for more information on what promises to be a major addition to the body of American numismatic literature.]

A LIMITED OFFERING

DELUXE LIBRARY EDITIONS OF THE FIRST TEN MONEY TREE AUCTION CATALOGUES

We regularly mention our preference for hardbound auction catalogues because the weak bindings in card covered catalogues tend to deteriorate with any real use. This causes the pages to fall out; the catalogue seemingly to disintegrate. If you annotate your catalogues, the decay of the softbound results in untold hours of recopying. Of course, the softbound **MONEY TREE** catalogues would never decay. We forbid it.

However, over the last few years we have received requests for hardbound copies of our catalogues. We kept mentioning that we would get around to it. Finally, we have

So first the announcement, then the spiel.

We will produce ten (10) three-volume sets of the Deluxe Library Edition of our first 10 mail bid sales. Each of the ten (10) three-volume sets will cost \$160, postpaid. Orders must be limited to one per customer.

We will also produce five (5) three-volume sets with 47 **PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES** of the Deluxe Library Edition of our first 10 mail bid sales. Each of the 47 plates will be an 8 x 10 photograph of each halftone from the first 10 sales, even those 40 which were originally included as 5 x 8's.

Although 5 sets with photographic plates, only 3 will be offered for sale, as Myron and I each have

reserved one. Each of the three (3) remaining three-volume sets with photographic plates will cost \$395.00, postpaid. Again, orders must be limited to one per customer.

Because we have changed formats from the early catalogues, and because we have grown larger, and because we feel like it, the 10 sales will be bound in three (3) separate volumes. Our first four catalogues from 1987 and 1988 comprise Volume I. Our 3 1989 catalogues (sales 5, 6 & 7) will comprise Volume II. The three 1990 catalogues (sales 8, 9, & 10) will comprise Volume III.

One may place an order for a copy of both the **DELUXE LIBRARY EDITION WITH** and **WITHOUT** plates.

Original Prices Realized Lists will be bound in each sale.

Sets will be individually numbered and autographed. Numbers will be determined only by the order in which the orders with checks are received. Each set will have bound in a list with the names and numbers of the purchasers of each set, and whether or not the set has the photographic plates. Delivery is scheduled for late September.

In order to reserve your copy, your order must be accompanied in advance by your check for either \$160.00 for the **DELUXE LIBRARY EDITION** or \$395.00 for the **DELUXE LIBRARY EDITION** with photographic plates, or \$555.00 for one of each. Each check must be in U.S. funds, drawn on a U.S. bank. Numbers will be assigned in the sequence in which the orders are received.

Only 15 sets, total, of the **DELUXE LIBRARY EDITIONS** of the first ten Money Tree sales will be produced (largely because it would be unethical, immoral, and we don't have enough back copies of the sales to do any more).

The sewn binding will be done by our usual bookbinder who had previously bound for us the clothbound reprint of Frossard's **NUMISMA**, the special hardbound edition of the 8th (most recent) edition Martin Gengerke's **AMERICAN NUMISMATIC AUCTIONS**, and the deluxe clothbound edition of Remy Bourne's **AMERICAN NUMISMATIC SALES AND INFORMATIONAL LITERATURE**.

As in the case of our previous specially bound offerings, we suggest that you send in your order and check quickly. No one has been told of the ordering procedure in advance. Therefore each of you has the same chance of getting a set. We will keep a record of the orders past the first ten (without plates) and the first three (with plates), in case any of the original purchasers cancels.

This will be the only opportunity to obtain an "official" Deluxe Library Edition of the early **MONEY TREE** Sales. With the exception of one prototype presentation copy of one sale which we presented to a friend several years ago, no other Deluxe Library Editions, or official clothbound or hardbound copies of any of our sales exist anywhere, anyplace, at all, period. No other hardbound copies in any form of our first ten sales will ever be offered again. So, order now! Don't fail to miss this opportunity if you can.

DELUXE LIBRARY EDITIONS OF LATER MONEY TREE AUCTION CATALOGUES

Also after the **DELUXE LIBRARY EDITIONS** for the first 10 auctions are delivered, we will begin to take orders for **DELUXE LIBRARY EDITIONS** of individual Money Tree sales beginning with mail bid sale 11. We will have UP TO (but never more than) 25 **NUMBERED, AUTOGRAPHED COPIES OF EACH CATALOGUE BOUND IN CLOTH**. Also bound in will be photographic plates (if halftones were used in the originals) and a PRL.

Once we have caught up by offering sales 11 through 14 individually, we will then take orders for the DELUXE LIBRARY EDITION at the time of each future mail bid sale to be delivered soon after each mail bid sale closes, thus, keeping current.

Generally speaking, illustrated sales in the DELUXE LIBRARY EDITION will include photographic plates and should cost around \$45 00. Non-illustrated sales will cost about \$30 00.

Please do not order [DO NOT ORDER!] any of these sales now. This is just an announcement of our plans for the sales 11 and after.

**THE MONEY TREE WILL DISTRIBUTE EXCLUSIVELY
THE FIFTH VOLUME OF REMY BOURNE'S
FIXED PRICE LISTS AND PRICES PAID FOR LISTS, 1950-1959**

Remy Bourne's FIXED PRICE LISTS AND PRICES PAID FOR LISTS, Volume V: 1950-1959 is available now exclusively from THE MONEY TREE for \$35 00 postpaid.

This 280 page profusely illustrated work is in the same format as the preceding five volumes. Again, The Money Tree will be handling this volume exclusively. The number produced will be determined by the number of orders which we receive within two weeks.

Among the important figures included in this volume who produced their earliest FPL/PPLs under their own names were Q. David Bowers, John J. Ford, Jr., A.D. [Al] Hoch, and Kenneth Rendell.

For those unfamiliar with these volumes, the references are largely based upon Remy's reference collection of FPL/PPLs, by far the largest in the country. The series began with Volume I, lists from 1828 to 1900. The earliest volumes were distributed privately. Beginning with volume III, Remy offered the later volumes available to the numismatic bibliophile. While Remy would be the first to admit that this volume is not 100% complete, it is by far the most extensive, systematic, comprehensive, and only reference available on the topic.

The volume is organized alphabetically by dealer/company, including for each, the list's title, subtitle, dealer address, and publisher. For each issue is a record of the volume, number, month, year, number of lots (if applicable), pages, general description of contents and pertinent comments. 120 lists from the nearly 100 listed dealers are illustrated. Many of these lists are unknown to the collecting public.

Additionally, Introductions to this volume have been written by Q. David Bowers, Martin Gengerke, and Pete Smith. Dave's Introduction deals with his reminiscences of his early days in the business. As he has for each of Remy's four previous volumes, Martin, cataloguer for Stack's and compiler of the definitive American Numismatic Auctions, has written an overview about US paper money in the 1950's and in the FPL/PPLs of the decade. Also, as in the previous volumes, Pete Smith continues his overview of large cents in the decade's FPL/PPLs.

Whether you need a record of the lists issued by Henry Christensen or if you want to know when the earliest Harry Forman list was issued, this is the only reference with the information.

Unlike the last two volumes which were available from several sources, you can only obtain this volume through THE MONEY TREE. And the number produced will be limited to those who respond to this announcement. Those who were locked out (me included) of Volume I of the early volumes can vouch that no extra copies will be produced.

Order now! You don't want to realize later that you made a mistake by passing over this opportunity.

Remember: Remy Bourne's **FIXED PRICE LISTS AND PRICES PAID FOR LISTS**, Volume V: 1950-1959. The 280 page profusely illustrated hardbound volume for \$35.00. The number produced will be determined exclusively by the number of orders which we receive within two weeks following your receipt of this issue, or by July 24, 1992. Checks for \$35.00 drawn on American banks in American funds must be sent with your order.

A SPECIAL OFFER

THE WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA NUMISMATIC SOCIETY REPRINT OF THE ORGANIZATION'S ORIGINAL 1878 CONSTITUTION

THE WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA NUMISMATIC SOCIETY (WPNS), founded June 14, 1878 was one of the first numismatic societies formed in the United States. Original copies of the Society's first **Constitution and By-Laws** are so rare as to be virtually unobtainable. This organization was one of the first formed outside the New England/New York area.

Wayne Homren, current President of the WPNS, has produced this high quality facsimile reprint of the 1880 original. Only 150 numbered copies will be produced.

Copies of this 12 page 24mo, paper-covered reprint can be obtained for \$10.00 postpaid through **THE MONEY TREE**. The contents include the names and addresses of the original officers, the founding members, resident members and their dates of election, the constitution, and the by-laws.

Among the prominent members of the society were George Clapp, George Rode, S.H. Morgan (numismatic auctioneer), and A.C. Gies.

Again, send in your order accompanied by your \$10.00 check to **THE MONEY TREE**.

FUTURE MONEY TREE PUBLICATIONS

There will be future **MONEY TREE** publications. We currently are working on several projects which we think you will find worthwhile and frankly quite special. One is in the final stages. Another is a special opportunity to obtain some rare and important pieces of numismatic literature. We know that this latter offer will be sold out immediately.

Our overall goal (other than to become stinking rich) is to offer useful and important numismatic literature that would otherwise not be available to you. So, just wait for our next **LIMB**, to be printed soon after the A.N.A. Convention, for some other special offers. All right, we'll give you a hint. How about an official Ginsu pocket knife specifically engineered for slicing out pages from Gutenberg Bibles?



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